THE STORY OF DWIGHT W. MORROW

...By...

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

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THE STORY OF
DWIGHT W. MORROW

By MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

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THE STORY OF
DWIGHT W. MORROW

by

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

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THE STORY OF

DWIGHT W. MORROW

CHAPTER I

The Morrow Pioneers

"ALICE is no longer our youngest. Dwight Whitney arrived this morning to claim that place."

Dwight Whitney Morrow was one hour and twenty minutes old at the time of his first public appearance on the afternoon of January 11, 1873, in this telegram sent by his father from Huntington, West Virginia, to relatives up in the Panhandle section of the state.

A telegram was then a rare luxury for a schoolmaster's income, but James Elmore Morrow, President of Marshall College at Huntington, was impelled by his joy at the birth of a second son to indulge in the extravagance.

Each of the eight children of James Elmore and Clara Johnson Morrow was cordially welcomed in turn, but there were already two girls and only one boy in the family in 1873, and a boy is less of a drain on a schoolmaster's purse than a girl. Hence the jubilant telegram!

Perhaps, too, some unconscious vision of the future in store for the latest Morrow arrival helped to prompt the professor's unusual expenditure in a day when only the most important events called for wired messages.

At no time in his life did Professor Morrow earn more than $1800 a year. Often he earned less than $1500, but it was seldom that anybody worried about income unless, indeed, the professor wanted a new book. Then a family conclave was held, at which it was sometimes regretfully decided that the coveted book could not, by any stretch of the budget, be afforded just at the moment. Later, though, it usually was arranged somehow, for the Morrows were book-poor and proud of it. Learning was stressed above everything except godliness and cleanliness in that family.

Mater, as her children called Clara Johnson Morrow, saw personally to the carrying out of the cleanliness clause. To this day her children vividly recall how, in addition to all her daily tasks of sewing, mending, baking and cleaning, she used, after they were in bed, to wash and iron their clothes every night so that the frocks and stockings of the little flock might be spick and span for school next morning.

For the rest, she taught her boys and girls to respect their solid, hard-working ancestors and to strive to be like them. She was proud of her antecedents and took it contentedly for granted that she would have reason to be just as proud of her descendants.

Mater Morrow was a girl in old Virginia in the troubled times at the beginning of the Civil War, but stood with the people of her section of the state in loyalty to the Union. This was not always easy, for

like many others in her community, she saw girlhood friends go to both Union and Confederate armies.

Indeed, a young man who had expected to marry her drew her aside in the midst of all the excitement one day to tell her confidentially that he was going to run away from their home village of Bethany, near Brooke County, to join the Southern army. She looked at him blankly for a moment. Then silently she drew from her finger and handed back to him the ring with the little diamond in it that he had given her. He went his way into the Confederate army that night and she went the next morning to Wheeling, twenty miles away, to engage in energetic bandage-making and lint-rolling for the Union cause.

James Morrow at that time was helping Clara's brother Henry organize the first Virginia Regiment of Volunteers—afterward called the First West Virginia Regiment. He himself enlisted as a corporal. One of his brothers was in the same regiment and two others fought for the Union. There was no hesitation in that family as to sides.

Indeed, it was through the influence of the Morrows and families like them, as well as of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, who lived across the Ohio border in Steubenville, that popular favor was won for a movement against following the Old Dominion into the Confederacy. Of such as these was the independent state of West Virginia formed.

After eighteen months' hard service at points along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Cumberland

and Washington with his regiment, James Morrow was wounded and forced to retire to Wheeling with the rank of captain, to be used in the less active but essential service of training new troops.

In Wheeling he met again the sister of his comrade, pretty Clara Johnson, busier than ever with her work for Union soldiers. The two young people saw each other frequently and their common interest in the Union cause drew them together. They waited to be married only until the war was over; the ceremony took place on September 19, 1867, in Cumberland, Maryland.

The Morrows were typical of those Virginians who stood by Lincoln, the rail-splitter. All of these, through heritage and surroundings, were closely akin to the immortal Abe.

The Morrow line in America runs back into the sturdy pioneer days of the pre-Revolutionary period. Five generations before Dwight Whitney Morrow arrived on earth, Alexander Morrow came over from Ireland and settled in what is called the Panhandle district of Virginia—that narrow strip about a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide, which, like the handle of a pan, is wedged in between the western edge of Pennsylvania and the Ohio River above Wheeling.

Wilderness though it was, the pioneers were quick to realize its possibilities as farm land and Alexander Morrow staked out his farm in what has since been called Fairview, Hancock County, just across the Ohio River from the present site of Steubenville.

Neither Morrow nor the few who were pioneering with him underrated the hardships and dangers they must face. They had to clear a forest of giant trees and till a soil through which a plow had never been run. They had to live without reliance of any kind on an outside world more remote to them than the Arctic Circle is to us today. Lastly, they had to watch for and pacify Indians resentful at the persistent intrusion of the white man.

The red man had marked the Ohio River as the furthest western limit to which white settlers might go. Alexander Morrow wisely heeded their warning and kept the pact by settling just east of the river. There was grave doubt, however, as to whether the Indians would keep their part of the bargain, and so, while the woodsman's ax rang through the forest day in and day out, and ox-teams pulled heavily at the plow, keen eyes watched for the treacherous Senecas and Pawnees who roamed the woods as silently as shadows.

A hard, narrow life we of today should call it—but these pioneer men and women sought it in preference to an easier one back in the settlements along the Atlantic coast. The spirit that moved them toward the western wilderness is reflected in the names they gave their little clearings—Fort Defiance, Independence, Freedom—scattered throughout that wonderful country then called "The Northwest Territory" that has since produced so many of America's leaders.

CHAPTER II

James Morrow, the Father

PIONEERING seasoned its men and women to hardship and to sacrifice. They raised large families and lived to a good old age. Only the hardy could thus challenge and defy wilderness, mountains and privation. The Morrows were hardy folk and have ever remained so.

It was not long after the first Morrow settled in Hancock County that "Mad Anthony" Wayne flatboated down the Ohio River with his little army of Revolutionary veterans bound for their memorable and tragic campaign against the tribes of the Six Nations and the British in Northwest Ohio. President Washington had chosen the old warrior to head this expedition after other leaders had met with disaster, and nearly two years of wilderness fighting was to follow before a treaty was made that forever gave relief from Indian depredations in that territory. Out of a spirit of adventure, some of the younger settlers in the Morrow colony joined with Wayne's army as it went past, but the Morrows stuck to their farm.

About the time Dwight Morrow's folks settled in the Panhandle country, another family named Morrow

came over from Ireland and, through some unknown chance, also made a home in the Panhandle. From both these early settlers have come illustrious descendants now scattered all over the country.

One is a judge in California; another became a governor of Kentucky; several have held high rank in the army. The two families, both from the same county in Ireland, both strangely settling on this big continent within a few miles of each other, have lately tried to establish definitely what is doubtless true—that back in Ireland their forefathers were brothers, but there is a missing link that stubbornly eludes even the most persistent genealogist. They find the same Christian names set down in the family Bibles, but they cannot make a stronger connection.

Dwight Morrow's father, James Elmore Morrow, was born on the land in Hancock County that his forefathers had converted from a pathless forest into a farm that yielded a fair living for the family, as living went in those days. That is to say, the Morrows had a log cabin home, built by themselves, homespun clothes, a table supplied by the farm, by hunting and by fishing; and in later years, just enough income over their needs to help out at the little red schoolhouse and the village church.

Not all the Morrows, as they grew up, stayed on the farm. One became the village blacksmith, another kept a store. In the main, however, they stuck to the soil and were healthy, robust men and women who worked from sun-up to sundown, ate heartily of the

wholesome food they raised themselves, and bothered not at all about the world beyond their own horizon.

James Morrow was the eldest of seven children and was naturally expected to carry on his father's farm. During his chore days, however, he developed a desire for more learning than the country, or even the village, school offered; in particular, he showed a bent for mathematics. The farm did not appeal to him, either, and so his future became a problem for the family to consider and solve. Somebody suggested that he would make a good teacher or lawyer if he could have an education. But how was the money for college to be had? Nobody could quite see.

However, with such people, decision to do always meant finding a way, and so a way was found to send son James to Jefferson College, now called Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington, just over the Pennsylvania state line. It was a great day for the boy, when, at fifteen, he found himself at Jefferson; a still greater one when, in 1856, he was graduated—the youngest but one in a class of fifty-eight, which included James A. Beaver, later to become a Union general and the Governor of Pennsylvania.

To James the law at first had seemed to promise all he desired in a career. But when the fighting ended, and he learned that Clara Johnson was willing to marry him, he made up his mind that teaching offered a quicker way to make a living for a family. So he turned to teaching and never went back to the law, for his eight children were born in rapid succession

and he never got enough money ahead to risk changing his profession.

He taught first at the little academy in Fairview, West Virginia, but such a small school could not yield much of an income and so Professor Morrow, as his neighbors called him, welcomed a call in 1871 to the presidency of Marshall College at Huntington, in the southwestern part of the state.

There the family lived for two years, there Dwight Whitney was born and from there was sent the telegram that displaced Alice as the youngest member of the family and announced the arrival of one destined to bring renown to the sturdy, plain-living Morrows, content for a century past with the frugal rewards of pioneer life.

When James Morrow left Marshall College, late in 1873, to take charge of the normal school at West Liberty, another figure, destined to become a national character, appeared on the scene. Champ Clark, who succeeded Professor Morrow as president of the college, was later to become a member of Congress from Missouri and Speaker of the House of Representatives, narrowly escaping nomination as the Democratic candidate for President when Woodrow Wilson was chosen in 1912.

The Morrows' stay at West Liberty was brief, for a call came in 1875 to take charge of Oakdale Academy, just outside of Pittsburgh, and later the offer of a post as teacher of mathematics in the Central High School of Pittsburgh. Finally, in 1879, Professor Morrow

accepted the principalship of the Fifth Ward School in Allegheny, and gave ten years of his life to developing high standards of scholarship there.

Except for a brief term to organize the Normal School at Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania, Professor Morrow remained at Allegheny, and in 1891 was chosen principal of the high school. He gave himself unsparingly to the school, and in 1904 had the satisfaction of seeing a handsome new building completed. His rejoicing could not have been more intense had he owned the building personally. He looked upon it as the great achievement of his career.

It was while he was at Allegheny that Washington and Jefferson College honored him with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

CHAPTER III

Clara Morrow, the Mother

JAMES MORROW always regretted his short stature until in the war a bullet went through his cap. If he had been an inch or so taller, he would have been killed. He used to tell the story to the children to illustrate the compensation for not always having or getting what you want.

Children who visited the young Morrows were sometimes a little overpowered by the head of the house. He had a way of asking them questions in turn at table, as he did his own children, regarding it as a good form of mental exercise. His boys and girls, of course, were accustomed to this dinner-table sport, and rather enjoyed it, but their young guests often were embarrassed when difficult questions came to them, and occasionally were too scared by these posers to eat heartily.

"How many legs has a fly?" the Pater inquired of a small boy.

The child blushed and stammered "I don't know."

"You ought to have a magnifying glass," said Pater.

Next day he sent the boy one.

The senior Morrow was an excellent Hebrew and

Latin scholar and the best mathematician in his section. He had a phenomenal memory for dates and in later years kept a supply of postcards in his desk which, without aid of any list except that in his own head, he sent each year to dozens of relatives and friends when their birthdays came around.

General Jay Morrow, who is three years older than Dwight, recalls that he once went with his father to visit a West Virginia cemetery where some old friends of the family were buried.

"That man was born in 1773, not '75 as they say on the gravestone, and that one is 1784 instead of '86," the Pater declared, pointing to one stone after another as they wandered about the churchyard. Reference to old records showed that in every case he was right.

A distant relative remembers that when he was a small boy of five or six, Mr. Morrow paid a visit to his home. Young John, whom the guest had never seen, was brought in to be presented. Mr. Morrow patted his head and said: "This boy was born on the twenty-eighth day of July, 1881"—which was true.

The same man relates that in 1884 when the Ohio River overflowed and flooded his home, Mr. Morrow, whose salary as teacher then was about $1500 a year, sent $100 to the family to help buy a new piano to replace the ruined one.

"It is important," he wrote, "to keep your cultural foundation intact as you rebuild."

Pater was several times delegate to national conventions of the Presbyterian Church in which he held the

rank of presiding elder. When he died in 1904, his body lay in state in the Allegheny Presbyterian Church and the high school building he had helped to build was draped in black for thirty days. The community realized that it had lost a worthy citizen.

By no means all the qualities that distinguish Dwight Morrow are treaceable to the father's side of the house. Mater Morrow was a woman of outstanding traits and came of much the same type of sturdy pioneer folks as the Morrows. The Johnsons traced their ancestry back to the same line as Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's vice-president and successor, and to the Marshalls who produced Chief Justice John Marshall.

The direct forefather of Clara had followed Daniel Boone into Kentucky. Some years later, the family caught the "move-on" fever that made so many Kentucky pioneers restless, and started vaguely "for the West." Evidently they got into Indiana, then finding it too wild for their liking turned back and located in McConnellsville, Morgan County, Ohio.

Here the future Mrs. James Morrow was born. McConnellsville was not the place the family was seeking, however, so they moved still further eastward—to Bethany, Brooke County, Virginia. Here they found farm and neighbors to their liking, and a home was permanently established.

Just north of them, in Hancock County, was located the Morrow farm where James Morrow was born. Clara Johnson, like her future husband, showed in her early years more desire for education than for farm

life, and was regarded as "literary" because she had read so many books.

She used to tell the children that the Bible had been her chief text in learning to read, spell and parse. She was a devout member of the original Campbellite or Christian Church in Bethany, founded by Alexander Campbell, and knew Campbell himself. Mater had great faith in prayer but believed it had to be supplemented by a brisk application of personal effort.

To the end of her life, she adored a good story and when she was in her seventies, Richard B. Scandrett, Jr., a favorite grandson, used, while at college, to keep her supplied with choice specimens picked up around the campus. These she in turn retailed to her intimate friends with much glee. She was Brooke County's most famous speller in her day, and once, when spelled down at a public match, felt the humiliation so keenly that her children never afterwards dared mention the defeat to her.

She died at the age of eighty-two. To the end she was irrepressible in her enthusiasm. The world, for all its new-fangled ways, never quite caught up with her.

"You girls can be old-fashioned if you like," she responded when one daughter chided her for over-activity. "I am going to stay modern as long as I live."

At eighty-one she came down with pneumonia. "While I don't want to live to be an old lady, I don't propose to die of a cold," she told the doctor. "Besides, I can't die yet. I have to bring up my family."

One month later she was helping care for seasick passengers aboard a ship on the way to Panama.

When she was dying she called her daughter, Alice, and said: "I've left a sealed envelope in my desk marked 'While she's.' Open it after I'm dead."

When the envelope was opened, the children found neatly jotted down a list of persons to be notified of her death and even the form of the telegrams to be sent to all. There was also a brief note of the facts about her life set down in concise form for her obituary.

The "While she's" label on the envelope was her last little jest. It referred to a time some years before when she had come into a room just as one of her daughters was saying to another "We ought to have the Mater's portrait painted while she's——"

The Mater entered, took up the sentence and finished it: "While she's still alive." The phrase became one of her favorite jokes.

The three youngest Morrow children all died in infancy. The five who survive are Agnes, Mrs. R. B. Scandrett, born in '69; General Jay Johnson Morrow, born in '70; Alice, born in '71; Dwight Whitney, and Hilda, Mrs. Edwin McIllvaine, born in '74.

General Morrow, Dwight Morrow's only surviving brother, has also built up for himself a distinguished career. After his graduation from the United States Military Academy at West Point, he was engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia, Governor of Zamboanga in the Philippines, Governor of the Panama Canal, Chief Engineer of the First Army in

France and Chairman of the Tacna-Arica Boundary Commission.

Miss Alice Morrow has devoted her life to teaching, and is at present a faculty member of the American College in Constantinople.

CHAPTER IV

The Amateur Ambassador

DWIGHT WHITNEY MORROW was named for William Dwight Whitney of Yale, famous author of a text book on English grammar. Professor Morrow met Doctor Whitney at a school convention shortly before Dwight's birth, and the two men talked through most of a night about education. Later they corresponded. When a second son arrived in the family, Professor Morrow was eager to name him for his Yale friend.

Until he was well in his teens, Dwight was a pale, undersized boy, so much less robust than his brothers and sisters that many friends doubted he would live to grow up. The first fight in life that he had to make was against ill health; he made it gamely, forcing himself to take part in the play of stronger, bigger boys and deliberately attempting tasks beoynd his strength.

His determination not to be a weakling won the battle. When he neared thirteen, he began to get stronger and actually shot up fourteen inches in the next two years. Happily, he left any symptoms of ill-health back with those younger years, for as a man

he has always enjoyed as sturdy a well-being as any of his husky forebears.

He was a simple, direct lad. There was inbred in him that respect for others, that readiness to accept and share another's point of view, that comes from a heritage of frontier life in which peril and privation are the common lot and make a whole community kin.

Even back in his boyhood days, Dwight showed a capacity to see the other fellow's side and to give it fair consideration. The boon that King Solomon asked of the Lord—understanding—seemed to come to him early in life, and later it brought him most of the friendships and successes of his career. One who has known him since Amherst days said recently that if he were asked for the dominant characteristic of Dwight Morrow, both during the school period and now, he would unhesitatingly name understanding.

Schoolmates in Allegheny, with the clear vision that boys have, must have recognized this trait, for they usually made him referee in their disputes. They knew him to be big enough to be fair to both sides.

On at least one occasion, he became a successful mediator with a grown-up and earned in the family the joking title of ambassador.

A crowd of boys was accustomed to play ball in a certain vacant lot and a good many of the wild balls had gone over a wall into the yard of an elderly and irascible woman known as Jane. None of the children had dared enter her yard to retrieve the balls until young Dwight (at ten only a wistful hanger-on when

the team practiced,) was sent by his heroes, the ball-players, with instructions to come back with the balls or not at all. The boys had not supposed he would really brave the ogress; they simply meant to tease him by giving him the command. To their surprise, he started off without demur.

He was gone a long time and the boys began to wonder what the old woman might have done to him. All kinds of horrors came to their mind.

Finally Dwight reappeared, intact, even radiant, the lost balls in one hand and half a dozen cookies in the other.

"She's a nice old lady," he mumbled through a mouthful of cake. That was all he ever said about the interview, but there was no further difficulty about regaining balls batted over into Jane's yard and Dwight's sister Alice dubbed him "Ambassador to Jane."

This incident is related for the light it throws on Dwight Morrow's ability in later life to arbitrate delicate situations in the business and diplomatic world.

While family tradition made it impossible for Dwight Morrow to be other than a clean-minded, earnest boy, with a proper respect for his elders, no one must get the notion that he sat gloomily in a corner while fun was going on elsewhere, or that he was not occasionally in hot water because of boyish pranks.

With his daily home chores done and school over, Dwight was as ready and as eager for frolic as any of his friends, and he went at play with the spirit of a true little sport. In describing him as bearing a neigh-

borhood reputation for good behavior, an Allegheny neighbor added, "But there were lapses. Dwight had a lot of mischief in him."

One or two stories of these lapses survive in family annals. Every spring Pater was accustomed to give his children an old-fashioned sulphur and molasses tonic. The children loathed the taste of the medicine but were accustomed to take it meekly until one spring-time Dwight, who especially disliked it, led a rebellion by pouring his share of the mixture down the sink. His sister Alice followed his lead. Later, the two of them were a trifle conscience-stricken to over-hear their parents discussing the spring tonic and saying: "It seems to have done more good to Dwight and Alice than to any of the others this year."

The Morrows divided the discipline of their children, the father attending to his sons and the mother to her daughters. Mr. Morrow believed that no child should be punished in anger. He therefore always waited for his annoyance to cool before whipping either of his sons. At last he would command the culprit to lean over and grasp the bottom rung of a chair.

"I'm going to give you three raps with this rattan," he would announce.

Then he would deliver the blows just hard enough to smart but not so hard as to make the punishment brutal. If a boy jumped up in the midst of the whipping, it had to begin all over again. After it was finished, he would put his arm about the boy's shoulder

or if he was small, as Dwight was, take him on his lap and explain the reason for the punishment.

A different method was used with the girls. Mrs. Morrow believed in the moral suasion of a morning or an afternoon alone in a room, with the day's menu cut down to bread and water.

CHAPTER V

Growing Up

THE days of Dwight Morrow's village boyhood were in the straight-laced period of our history, and the Morrow family life reflected the times and traditions. Religious sentiment dominated. Sunday was strictly kept; no games were allowed and the children's playmates knew there was to be no visiting on the Sabbath. If callers came, the father met them and politely but firmly stated that his boys and girls were not at home to callers on Sunday. In the afternoon he gathered his children about him for the weekly recitation of the shorter catechism.

The plan was always the same. One child would ask a question which the next would answer. The shorter catechism contained one hundred and seven questions and answers, and every child had to know them all. As soon as he could repeat them one by one, he got five dollars. The reward for the boy or girl who made the fewest mistakes in any Sunday afternoon test was five cents. Since all were practically letter-perfect in the catechism, these were hotly contested occasions.

Dwight did not hold the record. He knew the cate-

chism perfectly but he was as likely as not to get absorbed in his own thoughts and lose track of the next question.

The children coveted the five-cent awards, for they had no spending money unless they earned it. One other source of income was the making of paper lighters which served as matches. For every twenty-five lighters a child was paid one penny.

Reading was Dwight's favorite recreation. He would sprawl on the floor in front of the fire and remain contented and motionless for hours with his book. Many of the books he read again and again he already knew by heart, notably the lives of his heroes, Lincoln and Washington. All the children were fond of the many books about the house, that is, until it came time to move and pack the troublesome volumes, a job that always fell to them.

The Morrow library included Dickens and Thackeray, Darwin, Huxley, the Library of the World's Best Literature, Shakespeare, Prescott and Grote, Latin, Greek and Hebrew classics, and of course, the Bible. The children were brought up on the Psalms and the Gospels. As men and women they can still quote chapter and verse carefully memorized in their younger years.

The boys had a few battered adventure books and copies of boys' magazines such as *Golden Days* and *Golden Argosy*. These were considered proper enough for weekday reading but were locked in the lower

drawer of the bookcase on Saturday night, not to be taken out again until Monday.

In the drawer just above were put Sunday school books designed as juvenile Sabbath reading, full of tales of golden-haired heroines and noble heroes. Dwight and his older brother Jay one Sunday made the tremendously interesting discovery that you could lift out the top drawer with its burden of sirupy reading matter and thus reach the imprisoned Thunderbolt and his exciting comrades.

When the fine deeds and goodness of the Sunday heroes palled, old Thunderbolt was unobtrusively placed inside the designated reading and served as an antidote to so much sweetness and light.

The Morrow children were never allowed to miss a day at school unless actually too sick to get out of bed. No shamming was allowed. The Mater considered that her duty to the little Morrows was to keep them clean and neat; she expected that they would do their duty, in turn, by taking advantage of all their opportunities to get learning. One of the father's favorite sayings was "An investment in knowledge always pays the best dividends."

Dwight grew up in Allegheny; he and all the children remember the small, plain house on Franklin Street as one of the happiest homes they knew. There was no front yard nor front porch but their father sat out on the stoop summer evenings, and the children played or sat on the curb. Usually Pater read until dark came and he could no longer see the page. Some-

times he read history or novels aloud. Often the children sang together in the twilight, and usually before the early bedtime neighbors would drop in and sit talking, or listening to the reading.

In the big sitting room were a piano, a folding bed, and a round table about which the family grouped themselves on winter nights. The only really ornate article in the room was a lamp which had been given to the father by a rich pupil. The pleasantest thing was a fireplace which it was Dwight's task to keep brightly blazing on wintry nights.

The children read or did their lessons until nine o'clock bedtime. Six was the rising hour, and each child had his or her own particular chores. In winter, Dwight carried in the coal and sometimes did his bit with the dishes. In summer, he had the back yard to keep neat. He was the errand boy of the family, too—the one who was sent to fetch something from the grocer's at the last minute. Sometimes, when on errands, his behavior resembled that of the inquisitive child of the modern funny strips. That is, he would get interested in happenings along the way and forget his mission. Then one of the other children would be dispatched to find him.

At twelve Dwight joined the church in which his father was presiding elder. All the children joined at about that age and attended church, Sunday school and prayer meeting. Family worship was held night and morning in the home, and in later years, after the children went away to college, the father and

mother had worship twice a day alone. Once when Dwight came home from Amherst on a holiday, his parents and two of his sisters met his train at two in the morning, and the entire family stayed up until dawn and time for family worship.

Dwight went about always with older, bigger boys. He was three years ahead of most children of his age and finished high school at fourteen, the youngest in the class. Jay, his elder brother, was even younger at the time of his graduation and remains to this day the youngest graduate the school ever had. Jay was considered especially phenomenal because he left school and went to work at four dollars a week before the close of his last school year, yet kept up with the class by studying at night with his sister Agnes. When the examination papers were graded, he was found to have come out third. His sister was first. All the Morrow children had college or normal school educations and all worked to pay their own way.

CHAPTER VI

Out of West Point, But Into Amherst

THE year Dwight graduated from high school, those who attended the exercises in the Allegheny First Presbyterian Church heard the oration made from the pulpit by a thin blonde boy who looked about eight years old in his short knee-trousers, Buster Brown collar and bow tie. He was the smallest of his class—but he had a surprisingly powerful voice and was also the graduate whom many people in the town thought most promising.

People used to speculate about what it was the boy had that made everybody so sure he would succeed. He was always buried in a book—but being a bookworm didn't prove anything. And he had no parlor tricks such as those of many of the girls and some of the boys in town. Unless, of course, you wanted to count his ability to play on the piano with one finger a tune called "Gospel Bells Are Ringing!"

They usually decided that it was his voice which made him seem smart—that, and the way he "looked out of his eyes!" Anyway, it was generally thought that the Morrows' second boy was going to be a public

speaker some day, and Pater dreamed that at last there might be a lawyer in the family.

He had rather hoped for a lawyer in his older son, Jay, but that shrewd lad had decided that if he wanted a college education, West Point would be the cheapest place to get it. He had, accordingly, while working in a coffin factory to help out the family income, taken the examinations for West Point and passed with flying colors.

Dwight, who adored his big brother and thought him exactly right in everything, determined that he also would be a soldier. But he was so small and young at the time of his graduation from high school that he knew there was no use trying to enter any college for a year or so. In the meantime, he, too, got a job at four dollars a week—in the county treasurer's office.

At night he studied with his father, who delighted in the contact with this young mind which like his own had a decided bent toward mathematics, history and philosophy.

At seventeen Dwight decided that he was ready for West Point. With fourteen others, he took the examinations and, to his joy, came out first. Then suddenly the Congressman who had the appointment to make was reminded that there already was a Morrow at West Point. He stated that he would subject himself to serious criticism from constituents if he appointed the brother of Jay to the government school. So the top boy was passed over for the next in line.

It was a bitter blow to Dwight. News of the result of the examination had flown about and the boy had been for a little time a hero among his friends. It was galling to have to tell them that it was all a mistake.

Possibly the lad would not have passed the physical examination, for he had broken his arm when a child and it had not been properly set. But all his life, the memory of the lost appointment has rankled. He has never lost his youthful interest in military affairs, and today follows them with keen interest.

The type of mind Dwight Morrow had developed was revealed in his West Point examination papers. He saved until last the question usually regarded as the longest and hardest of all—the request to bound all the States of the Union. This the young student ingeniously answered as nobody else had ever thought of doing—by drawing a map of the United States and putting every state in its proper place thereon.

When the West Point plan failed, the question arose as to how this ambitious young man was to get the college education he so greatly desired. He had saved a little money out of his four-dollar weekly wage and the family were willing to scrimp and save to help him. Even so, there would be a pitifully small amount for clothes, board and tuition.

At this period, young Dwight began to take long lonely walks into the country, pondering the problem.

Finally James Morrow suggested that there might be a chance to earn something toward expenses by tutoring other boys at Jefferson, his own alma mater.

A letter of inquiry was sent off straight away to the college authorities. Their reply was favorable and Dwight began to prepare for the examinations.

He did very well in everything—too well, really, for he answered a question in geometry by working out an original problem instead of following the book. The unimaginative assistant professor who was grading the examination gave him a bad mark, which barred him from Jefferson.

Professor Henry Gibbons, then a teacher of Greek at the college, was about to take a similar position at Amherst. He heard the story of the examination from Dwight's father and said: "Send that boy to Amherst. He will be an honor to any college!"

Amherst entrance examinations were set for a Thursday early in September. On the Monday before, Morrow decided to take them. That left scant time for preparation even could the youth have devoted all the intervening hours to it. As it was, he had only the nights for study since he worked at his job up to the moment he boarded the train.

In September, 1891, the rule was a test for each separate requirement. Arriving an earnest, optimistic, very green freshman, Morrow solemnly took the examination and failed in enough to bar him from entrance.

He passed all mathematical subjects 100 per cent. perfect, but was not so lucky when it came to Greek, English and some other subjects. He would have been rejected, had not Professor Gibbons, his sponsor,

assured the authorities that this boy was worth keeping.

"He'll soon make those conditions up," the professor predicted. Many of the faculty members shook their heads. Some said outright that he ought to go back home.

"Let him take up farming," one suggested.

Professor Gibbons said afterwards that young Morrow turned the tide in his own favor. Nobody who saw him could help realizing that here was a boy who knew what he wanted and meant to get it. It was written in his face, especially in his eyes. The faculty looked him over and voted to let him stay—on probation.

And so, entering Amherst with conditions enough to keep the average student out, Morrow established his first record.

CHAPTER VII

Greek—and Smith College

IT IS interesting to reflect that as college requirements go today, Dwight Morrow with so many conditions would be refused admission to every college in the United States. It is also worth noting what Amherst would have lost if the faculty had held strictly to the rigid academic rule and refused to admit the earnest lad from Allegheny.

In 1920-21, Morrow threw all his talent for organization and persuasion into raising an endowment of $3,000,000 for his alma mater. He has given large sums to its upbuilding, including a fund for a dormitory which has been named for him. More important still, he has spent hours both as a trustee and as a plain alumnus planning for the college, speaking for it and creating interest in it. Amherst is never out of his mind, no matter what international task may engage him.

The college authorities give him credit for a number of bequests and gifts to the endowment fund of which he never heard until he saw the notices in the newspapers. These have resulted not from any direct suggestion of his but from his example and enthusiasm.

He is keenly interested in education and has faith in Amherst as a college of the liberal arts where young men may be trained in the best of the New England tradition.

The history of the college is a fine background for such faith. The original buildings were put up by the people of Amherst, who not only contributed stone, teams, lime, sand and lumber, but turned out in person, camping on the ground and laboring day and night, for, according to W. S. Tyler, historian of Amherst, "They had a mind to work as the Jews did in building their temple, and they felt that they, too, were building the Lord's house."

When young Morrow was a student there, Amherst was relatively detached from the rest of the world. The railroad with its jouncing, occasional trains was the butt of all the college jesters, though it served well enough to get the students in and out of the place. Perhaps this very inaccessibility was a blessing since it kept the students close to their school.

Finances compelled Morrow to stick close, anyway, for jaunts cost money—and money he did not have unless he earned it. He earned little that first year for his time had to be given over to study.

Greek was the most stubborn of his difficulties. He had never studied the language except at home, and it was a rigid requirement at Amherst as at all standard institutions of higher learning of the time.

A special tutor would have been a help but Dwight had no money for special tutoring. Whatever he ac-

complished in the way of eliminating the conditions, Greek among them, must be by his own effort. He contrived, therefore, to obtain lodging that first year at the home of Professor Gibbons who was already attached to him and aided him in making up his work. The professor really thought Morrow studied *too* hard for never did he pass his lodger's door that a Greek book was not open on the table—left there, incidentally, by the astute Morrow to give some such impression!

At the end of his freshman year, Morrow had not only worked off his Greek condition but the others as well. How he did it, not one of his classmates has ever been able to explain. He studied hard, of course, but they all declare that you had to be a sleuth to catch him at it. He seemed moreover to have time for any amount of college life, and enjoyed heartily all good talk, dancing and prank-playing.

The extraordinary thing was that he was equally well-liked by both serious students and the ones who, on the whole, preferred a good time to their books.

"Dwight was known to every member of his class two weeks after we registered," Charles Andrews of Amherst '95 declares. "In less than that many months, it was quite obvious that he was to be a class leader."

He was also glorified by the bestowal of the college boy's most affectionate tribute, a nickname. Because of his size, he was dubbed "The Kid" and henceforth was known as Kid Morrow to everybody in school.

One of the chief amusements of young Amherst was

paying visits to Smith College girls at Northampton.

Dwight Morrow discovered Smith in his sophomore year. With all his conditions comfortably worked off, he had more time for play by that time, even though he had begun tutoring to earn money. In the early fall he was invited to a party in Amherst, at which were gathered a number of Smith College girls and Amherst men.

Perhaps he had a headache that evening or maybe he was tired. Anyway, he found himself a bit bored by all the noise and laughter and was meditating an unobtrusive departure when a friend introduced him to a small, blue-eyed, brown-haired girl who bowed gravely and then stood looking at him as intently as he was looking at her.

Morrow promptly forgot that he had been planning to leave and led the girl to a sofa. There the two sat the remainder of the evening, engrossed in comparing notes about philosophy and life. They agreed about everything with what seemed to them a perfectly remarkable unanimity of tastes. And when they discovered that the father of each was a Presbyterian elder, they felt it a positive miracle of coincidence.

The girl was Elizabeth Reeve Cutter of Cleveland, freshman at Smith. In the course of time she became Mrs. Dwight Morrow.

After that evening, young Morrow went often to Northampton, always to see the same girl. There was a Smith rule that no girl could go buggy riding alone with a young man but it was permissible for two young

men to hire a vehicle together and take two girls. Morrow and a friend would sometimes invite Miss Cutter and a friend of hers. When he wished to indulge this extravagance, Morrow simply took on an extra job of tutoring. He could always find somebody who needed coaching.

Sometimes four young men clubbed together and hired a buggy at a cost of fifty cents apiece to make the sentimental journey to Northampton. Otherwise, they went on the passenger train returning just after nine p.m. in a freight caboose called "The Drunk."

Morrow's pleasures were of necessity inexpensive, for he owned neither a silk hat nor a frock coat in those days. He could not afford them and anyway clothes did not interest him. His favorite recreation was to scour the purple Pelham and Holyoke hills, especially on Sunday afternoon, sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend. He loved the friendly little town of Amherst with its white frame houses, the brick college buildings in their natural amphitheatre, and the pleasant people.

Trips to Springfield, fifty miles away, for theatres or music were occasionally made when boys had saved enough money from their allowances. Economy kept Morrow from taking this trip often, and anyway he would never have made it for the sake of music. He knew only one song in those days and sang that insistently and always off-key—"Three Cheers for Old Ireland; We Must Have Old Ireland Free!"

His classmates, who sometimes got tired of hearing

this ditty, were amused when some years later, Elisabeth Morrow, his first child, was born on St. Patrick's Day.

There were not many student parties at Amherst in the early 'nineties. The typical great occasion was a reception for faculty and townspeople with waltzing afterward to the "Blue Danube." The midwinter dance was the Junior Prom; and at commencement came the Senior Prom when students and their guests sat on the hills to watch the sun come up.

Among those men now well-known who were at Amherst when Morrow was may be mentioned: Ex-president Coolidge; Justice Harlan F. Stone of the United States Supreme Court; Bertrand H. Snell, Chairman of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives; William C. Breed, former President of the New York Bar Association; Herbert L. Pratt, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of New York; the Reverend Jay Stocking, well-known clergyman; and Lucius R. Eastman, former President of the New York Merchant's Association.

CHAPTER VIII

With Coolidge at College

AT HIS first boarding house in Amherst, Morrow paid three dollars and a half a week for three meals a day. Eating at the table with him was Calvin Coolidge.

When that boarding house went out of business, Coolidge and some of the others found a new place where they paid three dollars. Morrow and his friend Andrews moved, too, but had to pay four dollars a week which was considered moderate. Some of his more plutocratic friends paid as much as five.

The boys who sat on either side of Dwight at table report that they almost starved to death. He so often fell into deep thought about some laboratory problem that he never remembered to pass anything. They asked for bread, and he gave them vinegar or salt.

A friendship grew up in college days between Calvin Coolidge and Dwight Morrow, two boys strangely unlike in many ways, yet each bearing within himself the seeds of greatness.

Morrow had an uncannily accurate gift of appraisal even in those days. He singled Calvin out, partly because of the Vermont boy's habit of never saying any-

thing unless he had something to say, but chiefly in recognition of a quality which Morrow apparently glimpsed instinctively beneath the self-contained mask which Coolidge turned to the world.

The class of Amherst '95 delights in one Coolidge story that so far as I know has never before been pubished.

At the boarding house where Morrow and Coolidge first ate, there was a big black cat which sometimes prowled around in the dining room, rubbing herself against the legs of diners. There was also a waiter named Tibbitts, called "Bitts" by the boys.

One night, the chief dish at supper was hash. When Coolidge was served with his portion, he looked at it searchingly for a moment, then raised his voice to call Bitts.

Bitts appeared and stood waiting.

"Bring me the cat," Coolidge commanded.

Wonderingly, Bitts with some difficulty captured the cat which was just finishing its own dinner, and returned with the animal spitting and clawing in his arms.

He held her out to Coolidge who took a long look at her, murmuring "Thank you," and then, and not until then, began to eat his hash!

When Coolidge succeeded to the presidency, his former classmates were approached for anecdotes and mementos of the days at Amherst. Somebody brought out the pictures of the class of '95 and it was discovered that Coolidge in the senior picture was leaning

against the very same post and in precisely the same position as in his freshman year.

After Morrow and Coolidge left college they wrote to each other only when they had something special to say, but between them existed a bond that needed no letters to strengthen. The result was that Morrow was one of the first to suggest that in Coolidge Massachusetts had material for the presidency.

Morrow went to Amherst from the Republican convention in Chicago the day after Coolidge was nominated for the vice presidency, and hearing that his friend was at Northampton, decided to call on him.

Coolidge himself opened the door of his half of the two-family house in which he then lived. He was alone and was reading a book on American history. Although his pictures were on all the front pages that morning, there was not a newspaper in the house.

"People are talking about you this morning, Calvin," said Morrow.

"Are they?" responded Coolidge. "Well, by tomorrow they'll have found something else to talk about!"

"And that remark," Morrow comments when he tells the story, "helps to show how Coolidge got to be a great man."

Morrow's teachers at Amherst had a high regard for his mind and character. The boy was influenced by all of them but most perhaps by Anson Morse, professor of history, a gaunt, spare man who, to many students seemed remote and a little lacking in contact

with modern life. Between Morrow and himself, however, existed complete understanding and sympathy. Years later Morrow wrote an introduction to a collection of Morse's essays, PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS, that revealed his appreciation and admiration for his old master—and incidentally his own long and thorough study of party history.

A letter to one of his daughters when she went to college contains an illuminating paragraph about the study of all history.

> "If you start your work right in college [he wrote], you will have a good long life-time to read and study history. That will be like having an endless line of parents stretching back to the beginning to tell you stories until the end of your days."

Charles Garman, professor of philosophy, and George D. Olds, professor of mathematics, afterward president of Amherst, were other teachers who moved Morrow profoundly. Garman taught his students to question, to think, and to reach sound conclusions. Morrow learned the lesson well. And President Olds has said that Morrow had the best mathematical mind of any man who ever attended Amherst.

Athletics never interested Morrow as much as books, but in his second year at Amherst he made his class Cider Meet team, and when his class met other classes in the annual contest he undertook inter-class running races and put shots with the energy that he was accus-

tomed to give to his studies. The prize for the class that won points in the Cider Meet was a keg of new cider. The sophomores came in last the year Morrow contested.

He was not athletically important but other qualities made Dwight Morrow a marked man in college. It was early established, for one thing, that jobs of organization and mediation could be turned over to him with profit to everybody. Thus, when a controversy arose between faculty and students in which the dignity of the Student Senate was involved, Morrow was selected for the committee whose task was to bring the faculty to reason.

He was also elected to membership on the Class Committee on Committees, the august body which picked all other class committees and adjusted differences in the senior student body.

He was one of the first two men ever chosen for the *Literary Magazine* Board at the end of sophomore year, an honor reserved up to that time for those about to enter the senior year. In his last year, he was made chairman of the board, another job that required endless patience and tact.

He also served on the executive committee of the Republican Club and was keenly interested in politics.

Classmates recall ruefully that he never had a match or a pencil about him in campus days—they called him "matchless Morrow" because of it—but he was a college hero and there was always an adoring freshman to rush for whatever he needed.

At graduation he was one of the four high men in his class, and was duly elected to the college chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, of which he became president.

He won prizes every year, including his first, when he was still making up conditions, and at the close of his senior year, received the Bond Speaking Prize of one hundred dollars and the Hardy Award for extemporaneous speaking of fifty dollars.

Morrow obtained a good part of his early speaking experience at the college prayer meetings on Sunday nights which he attended throughout his college life, and at class banquets where he was relied upon for light, humorous efforts.

He sat on the platform with seven other class leaders on the afternoon of Class Day, and when his turn came he delivered the commencement oration. Earlier in the day, Calvin Coolidge had been Grove Orator.

CHAPTER IX

High Honors

"THE mantle of truth falls upon the Grove Orator on condition that he wear it wrong side out," Calvin Coolidge said in his Amherst grove oration, and then proceeded to give a humorous glimpse of what he called "the only true side of college life—the inside."

"I have always been inclined to believe that some impecunious sophomore, who may have enticed him in buying a book on ornithology or some kindred subject, first led Horace Greeley to classify college men as horned cattle," he declaimed, and his college audience roared.

Morrow's oration was on the serious side. It was about dreams, and is interesting because his later life exemplifies much that he said in boyishly extravagant fashion that day.

> "The man whom the world loves has always been a man of action [said Morrow].
>
> "But, little by little, in the evolution of man, there has been a splendid growth in the world's conception of what action really means. The bar-

barian knew no action but physical, and the man whom he revered was the one who was strong in combat. With such an environment Hercules was the god.

"But as the race unfolded, people learned that the man of brawn who tears up saplings and crushes mighty rocks between his hands is but a weakling when pitted against him who can plan. The man of thought is becoming the man of action.

"Still, the world with unerring skill picks out the worker and him do they rush to worship. But the highest, the real definition of action, has not yet been generally accepted. The transition from the physical to the mental, from the mental to the immaterial, has hardly begun.

"The great mass of people in their everyday life, in the routine of what they choose to call the commonplace, are prone to define as action only those deeds the results of which can be measured with a yard-stick or estimated in avoirdupois. The man of theory, the idealist, is scoffed at and ridiculed.

"But when men tell us that the next ten years of our life will be spent in shattering ideals, we cannot believe them. College life may differ greatly from the world, but in one respect at least the college is a microcosm—trouble enters even here. We have all met with disappointment, perchance bitter disappointment. But what would keep disappointment from becoming despair if,

because we have utterly failed in the attainment of our ideal, we should allow ourselves to believe that the ideal was false?

"Tell a man he is unworthy of the ideal he has built into his life; he has still something to live for. He may yet strive! But God pity that one who has persuaded himself that his dream is false!

"The ideal must be true and eternal. It can never be shattered. We may forget it; we may barter away for dross that which is priceless, but whatever our weakness, the Dream is true.

"Let the cynic scornfully say, 'The Dreamer cometh!' With the sobered confidence of youth, with all the humility of manhood we can answer in the very words of cynicism, 'We *shall* see what will come of his dreams.'"

When the class statistics for the year, those half-humorous, half-serious estimates of fellow students, were made up, Morrow was found to hold the honor of being listed as the brightest man in his class of seventy-six. He was also voted the best-liked and the most likely to succeed. Calvin Coolidge got Morrow's vote as the brightest man, and it was his only vote.

Dwight invited his father, mother and sister Hilda to Amherst for his commencement. Hilda was teaching and could not afford the dock in pay that would follow if she missed a week for Amherst.

"You must come [her brother wrote]. I will pay your fare as well as the Pater's and Mater's and will also make up to you whatever you lose in salary. I haven't the money now, but I'll have it before time for you to go back."

What could Dwight mean by saying that, the Mater wondered anxiously, but Pater and Hilda argued that when Dwight said he could do anything, he knew what he was about, however mysterious he might sound. The upshot was that the three went off to Amherst, sitting up all night in the day coach to save money. They got there in time to see Dwight win the prize for public speaking and also the Hardy debate. He paid their fares and ten dollars to his sister out of his prize money. He had counted on the prizes to make good his promise.

And so the boy who entered Amherst penniless, unknown and burdened with conditions, left it in triumph, voted by his classmates the best-liked, brightest man in his class and the one most likely to succeed. Besides his many honors, he had in his pocket money that he had earned himself. Best of all, he was no longer afraid of life. He knew that he could make it give him what he wanted.

When his son, Dwight, Jr., took the Amherst examinations, in May of 1930, Morrow wrote to him:

"It is now more than thirty-one years since I went up to Amherst to take an examination. I

wasn't very well prepared and I got a good many conditions which took me a year or two to work off. Maybe it is because I am going up to Amherst to a trustee's meeting that I want to write you this letter to tell you how proud I am of the way you have taken these examinations for your school. I say this without knowing how you came out, and without caring very much.

"It doesn't make very much difference whether one gets through an examination or not. The important thing is that one should do his best, that he should not worry too much about it beforehand, and that he should answer the questions to the best of his ability. This is what I am sure you have done. I was particularly pleased that you went right ahead on the mathematics examination this morning and did the best you could, even though there were a lot of questions on the General Information paper which you had never covered in your studies.

"When one is a little boy, one somehow thinks that some day the time for taking examinations will be over. I remember the feeling I had when I took my examinations for admission to the New York Bar. I thought to myself 'at last I am finally done with examinations,' and it was a very great relief.

"Now, this is not true at all. We are never done with examinations. All through life they keep coming. Some day you will make your first important speech in public and you will feel that

the whole world is 'examining you,' and it will make you nervous.

"One test after another will come. For many of them you will not be fully prepared, and you will be inclined to worry a good deal.

"It is perhaps just as well that we all do worry a little bit. It helps us to do our best. The important thing to remember is that we owe it to ourselves, and our friends, and the world to prepare for the examinations as well as we reasonably can, and then to conduct ourselves during them as honestly and bravely as we can, and not worry a bit about the result afterwards."

CHAPTER X

"Law Was His Element"

WHEN he left college, Morrow meant to read law in Pittsburgh and entered an office in that city for a year. Long before the year was up, however, he decided he did not know enough to become a lawyer. Talking over his plans with Charles T. Burnett, now professor in Bowdoin College, Maine, one of the men who was closest to him in college, Morrow said he needed to study the theory of law and had made up his mind to go back to school. In the fall of 1896 he enrolled at Columbia University Law School in New York City.

He had practically no money, but that consideration no longer troubled him. By this time he knew that he could always make what he needed. And so it turned out. There were plenty of well-to-do boys at Columbia who registered for their classes and then practically forgot them until examination time. When their hour was upon them, they hired a tutor—preferably Morrow. In rush times, he sometimes taught twelve hours a day, keeping up his own class work in the meantimes.

W. S. Tyler, New York attorney, one of his roommates in this period, says, "He was an exasperating fellow to have around because he never seemed to work, yet always knew everything. We forgave him for this serious offense only because he was so full of humor and such a delightful companion."

His friends loved him all the more for the abstracted habits which sometimes seriously discommoded them, and they respected to the full his integrity of principle and purpose.

He was intensely proud. What he had he earned, and anybody who did him a favor was likely to get it back twofold. Once a class-mate loaned him a fifty-trip ticket to use for a week-end trip to New Jersey. After his return, Morrow mailed the ticket back to his friend and it was lost in transit. He attempted to pay for it and his host professed to be insulted at the idea. Rather than quarrel, Morrow apparently gave in. But next day he sent his chum a law book that cost more than the ticket.

Since comfort never was particularly important to him, Morrow gladly took a top floor room in his lodging house and thus paid only three dollars and a half a week. Board was four dollars, with twenty-five cents extra for cream on the breakfast cereal. Morrow took milk and saved the quarter.

He sat at a table with ten or twelve other young law students and quickly became their leader. Even the overworked landlady divined in this short, carelessly dressed young man some quality she did not find in his

mates. One day she stopped him as he was going out and asked him to step into her dark sitting room.

He went rather apprehensively, wondering if perhaps she was about to raise his board. But after the door was shut, she burst into tears and sobbed that her house was to be taken away because she could not pay her debts.

"Please, Mr. Morrow, help me," she begged.

Five minutes later Morrow walked out of the room, a little dazed, but elated. He had taken on his first case. Out of all her lawyer boarders, the landlady had chosen him to help her in her difficulties. Moreover, he "won" the case—at least he persuaded her creditors to give the woman time to meet her bills.

As at Amherst so at Columbia, Morrow made a vivid impression upon his teachers. Law was his element. He loved discussion, and his classes afforded him endless opportunity for that favorite sport. Charles Fay, a classmate, says: "Morrow was one of the greatest discussers I ever knew."

He was so anxious to reach fundamentals that he fairly leaped at problems, and his teachers marveled at the keen, vigorous mind which cut straight through misleading and unimportant trivialities. Such indeed was the quality of his mind that his old Amherst favorite, Professor Morse, frequently hunted his former pupil up in New York for a good long talk about history and philosophy.

John Kerr, who shared a room with Morrow on 93rd Street in New York City during part of the law

school period, relates how in those days he and Morrow each kept an expense account in a little vest pocket account book. They put down every cent they spent and economized to the point of taking in a one-penny paper each morning instead of the two-penny one they preferred.

Every night when they went to bed they solemnly balanced accounts to see who had saved most. In order to make the total more impressive, instead of using the horse cars, they walked to school, a matter of twenty-five blocks, duly crediting themselves with the saving from this economy.

A marble-topped bureau served as an excellent hard, flat surface for pressing trousers and thus the expense of paying a tailor was avoided.

Morrow was graduated from law school in 1899 and upon the recommendation of the loyal Professor Morse, made to John W. Simpson, head of the firm and an Amherst alumnus, went to work for Reed, Simpson, Thacher and Barnum, distinguished New York law firm, later known as Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett.

It was the custom in those days for a good law firm to pay no salary to college boys taken on as clerks, since the experience gained was supposed to be ample compensation. Morrow explained, however, that he had no livelihood except what he earned. After some debate, a concession was made in his case. He was put on the pay roll at sixty dollars a month.

Morrow was determined to get ahead and instead of waiting several years, as most beginners did, to try

for admission to the bar, he made up his mind to manage it that very first year—and by hard work gained his goal.

Tom Reed, once Speaker of the House and an associate of the firm, was always interested in new material in the office and prided himself on knowing men. He said at once that Morrow was a young fellow with a future and when Morrow did well a test job set him—a complicated piece of business involving the transfer of some real estate—Reed was sure that the firm had made a find.

Indeed, the young man's habit of going into a room and shutting himself up with a problem until he had solved it won the admiration and respect of all his new employers.

CHAPTER XI

Marriage, and the Budget

MORROW had a very special incentive to ambition. He wanted to get married. He had not yet asked the young woman, but as soon as his prospects were secure enough, he meant to do so. First, though, he intended to pay back two hundred dollars borrowed from his brother for college expenses. Paying such a debt was not easy on a salary of sixty dollars a month, but Morrow demonstrated conclusively that it could be done. Then he asked Elizabeth Cutter, the girl of Amherst days, to marry him. She said she would.

The future Mrs. Morrow was born in Cleveland, Ohio. Her grandfathers on both sides had been pioneers in the Western Reserve district. One, Abilene Cutter, came to Cleveland from Vermont and built a brick colonial house, with spacious yards and orchards. Elizabeth Reeve Cutter was born in this house. Her grandfather on her mother's side was a lawyer, and her own father was graduated from Harvard Law School, though he later became a banker in Cleveland.

Miss Cutter had been a leader at Smith College. She was known to be a brilliant student, a fine organizer,

and a witty speaker. She had charm, force, and boundless energy.

After her graduation Miss Cutter spent two years abroad studying at the Sorbonne, Paris and in Florence. Upon her return to the United States, she taught in a Cleveland private school. During all this time, she and young Morrow kept up their college-day friendship by a brisk correspondence. He sometimes sent her the books that interested him, and it became a joke in her family that she was sure to say upon receipt of such a present from that particular source: "This is the very book I've been wanting to read!"

Mrs. Morrow has always said that one of the chief attractions of Dwight Morrow for her was his attitude toward women. He believes whole-souledly in higher education and complete equality for them. His respect for their judgment is real, not a polite pretense.

The young couple were engaged for a year before the marriage in June, 1903, at Cleveland. Their honeymoon was spent in Vermont and Massachusetts, and the following summer they lived on the New Jersey coast. While they were on their bridal trip, Morrow, in his eagerness to have only the best for his bride, sent to a real estate agent in New York City for a list of apartments located in sections that he thought were suitable for her future home.

When the list came, he opened the letter eagerly. The lowest rent listed was one hundred dollars more than his entire salary for a year!

The two began gleefully to plan how they could live

without furniture, clothes or food but with one impeccable possession—a "good" address.

"No," said the bride at last, facing the facts, "we must start sensibly. We'll have a budget."

And so together, amid much joyous laughter, they made a budget which allowed only thirty-five dollars a month for rent. In the city they went the weary rounds, searching for a thirty-five dollar apartment. There was none that suited. Perhaps they could find something better in the suburbs, a friend suggested, and Morrow was thrilled at the thought of a back yard with pigs and chickens.

About this time, a friend, John Kerr of Englewood, invited them to spend a week-end with him, and they fell in love with Englewood at once. After some searching, they came upon the very house they had been looking for all the time—a small brown one in Spring Lane fitted with just the right number of cupboards and closets. Moreover, it was brand new. If they took it, they would be the first tenants.

Unfortunately, however, it cost more than the budget allowed for rent and young Mr. and Mrs. Morrow sorrowfully turned their backs on it, declaring they could not possibly afford its charms. But they could not forget. They came again to see it, finding it even more delectable than they had remembered, and went away, fully meaning to relinquish all idea of renting it. But inevitably it drew them back.

They conjectured hopefully that groceries in Englewood probably were cheaper than in New York. Mrs.

Morrow called on a young matron in the neighborhood. Could one manage in Spring Lane on $2,000 a year, she asked. The young matron said one could. One could even manage on $1,200, she added, as she had done for several years.

So the young Morrows threw caution to the winds and signed the lease. Then they had to rearrange the budget, which would not stretch even to allow a telephone. A representative of the telephone company came and sat for a whole morning arguing with Mrs. Morrow. He was shocked, incredulous.

"But everybody on the street has a telephone," he kept repeating.

"But everybody hasn't got a budget," Mrs. Morrow kept answering.

Each day was exciting, filled to the brim with new experiences in ingenuity.

Together the Morrows unpacked their precious books, only to discover that they had no bookcases and no money in the budget to buy any. Then Mrs. Morrow got an inspiration. A few nights later she proudly displayed to her husband a set of shelves made by her own hands from the boxes in which her wedding presents had been shipped. She covered the improvised shelves with blue denim and nothing in the house gave the young couple so much pleasure and pride.

Some more of the packing boxes served for chairs at the earliest meals in the new house—even company meals—until such time as the budget allowed the purchase of a dining room set.

CHAPTER XII

His Children's Favorite Playmate

THE two young people sometimes felt that the budget-making game they had so debonairly begun to play was very one-sided, for they could never seem to win. The little home needed all sorts of things that had not been allowed for. Curtain rods, for instance—the bride had supposed that curtain rods came with the house. Weather stripping, too, and innumerable strange items that neither bride nor groom had ever heard of before, proved to be essential—and very costly.

Mrs. Morrow's father had taught her that a bill was like a crying baby which must be cared for at once, and in Morrow's childhood home nothing had ever been bought on credit. The result was that the two shared a great horror of bills.

One evening they were sitting in their living room gloomily surveying the budget.

"We've got to cut out something," Mrs. Morrow said, and in preparation for the great slash asked her husband to pass the inkwell.

This was a wedding present, a patent creation sup-

posed to retain its contents even when turned upside down.

Mr. Morrow threw it across the room to his wife, and for the first and only time in its life the inkwell failed to live up to the promises of its maker. Something went wrong internally and a great pool of ink splattered into Mrs. Morrow's lap.

"It wasn't as if it had been an ordinary dress," she said many years later, relating the tragic incident. "It was the very *best* dress I had for every occasion—blue silk with a white stripe, one of those perfectly fine, all-purpose garments—simply ruined!"

It says a lot for the understanding and happiness of the Morrows that after one agonized moment they both burst into laughter and laughed until the tears came.

That happiness and understanding have grown through the years. Just after she celebrated her twentieth wedding anniversary, Mrs. Morrow one night was placed next to Paderewski at dinner and told him of a time when she had sat in the cheapest seat in the topmost gallery at the Academy of Music in Northampton to hear him play. Paderewski said he had played often in Northampton and asked if she ever went back.

"Yes, I like to go back to college, sit down in Chapel and think how much happier I am now than I ever thought I'd be, when I was a freshman," she answered.

Paderewski turned to her in genuine amazement. "You don't mean to tell me that you have been happier than you *thought* you would be, ~~at nineteen~~?" he questioned incredulously.

Mrs. Morrow nodded and Paderewski made her a deep bow.

"Mrs. Morrow, *where* is your husband? I want to meet him!" he exclaimed.

As the years went by, the little brown house witnessed both sorrow and joy as all little brown houses must. Elisabeth, Anne and Dwight, Jr., were born there, too, and celebrated birthdays, developed childish ailments, recovered with the elasticity of childhood, hung up their stockings at Christmas, and one by one started the thrilling adventure of school.

Morrow was his children's favorite playfellow. He had a zestful way of making everything seem like a game, and was such a fond father that he was always ready to excuse slight lapses of behavior.

"Oh, she isn't naughty, she's sick," he would earnestly say if their mother intimated that Elisabeth or Anne needed to be punished.

One summer Elisabeth was very ill and was compelled to take quantities of bad-tasting-medicine. All day long she lay in bed waiting for her daddy's arrival from the city and the surprise he always brought. One night it was a surprise indeed—a great bundle of "certificates of merit" printed with her name. Every day thereafter, her nurse made out a report of the small patient's sickroom behavior and if it was good, duly signed one of the certificates and presented it to Elisabeth.

The children loved trips with their father, for he threw off business cares and played with them exactly

as if he were their own age. He was inclined to hobbies about games. One time it was checkers that occupied a vacation, again it was chess. In each case Morrow read up on the history of the game until he knew all there was to be known about it, and then studied the technique with as much attention as if it had been an important legal problem.

When he was away from the children he used to send them amusing letters which they keep to this day among their treasures. Writing once from a train, he drew a picture of himself on top of the coach.

> "Of course I am not really on top of the train [he explained solemnly], but I am sure you will agree that if one is going to draw a picture of a man travelling on a train, it's much easier to draw him on top than inside."

The message the children chuckled over longest, though, came from the Bahamas. He sent Anne a picture of a paw-paw tree and wrote underneath: "Your mother will send you tomorrow a picture of a maw-maw tree."

It was one of his charms as a parent that he understood so perfectly what children would find amusing and satisfying.

Englewood was pleasant for the Morrows as well as for their children. Their community held many congenial young married couples who also had to count pennies carefully. Four of these couples formed a club

which Mr. Morrow named the Simple Club. It met at the houses of members for little dinners which ended early because each set of parents had to rush home to relieve the neighborhood girl who could be got to come in evenings to stay with the children.

One member of the Simple Club was Mrs. Maud Jackson Hulst, who had been a freshman at Smith when Mrs. Morrow was a junior.

"Elizabeth Morrow proved that all we had thought about Elisabeth Cutter in college was sound," Mrs. Hulst says.

In 1905 came an offer that tempted Morrow greatly. Dean George Kirchwey asked him to accept a post on the faculty of Columbia Law School.

Morrow came near to doing it. He had always felt that he would like to teach and this seemed the perfect opportunity.

Mr. Simpson, head of the firm, was in Europe and word was cabled to him that Morrow was considering an offer to leave Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett.

"Under no circumstances let him go. Make him a member of the firm first," came back the answer by fast cable.

The upshot of it was that Morrow refused the faculty post and was taken in as a partner. Thus, by the time he was forty, he had become a leading member of the firm in which he started as a sixty-dollar-a-month clerk.

A great sorrow was mixed with family rejoicing over the partnership. Four months before the offer came, Morrow's father died in the little brown house.

James Morrow had been greatly gratified by his son's rise in the law and had felt in Dwight's success a vicarious fulfillment of his own thwarted ambition in the legal field. He would have been happier than anybody else over the partnership.

Morrow's own early ambition had been to teach. Even after his marriage, he clung to the hope that some time his dream could be realized. In those days of economizing to make ends meet in the little brown house, he often said gaily to Mrs. Morrow: "When we make $100,000, we'll retire and teach the rest of our lives."

CHAPTER XIII

Member of a Great Law Firm

MORROW'S best work in the law was not done either in writing briefs or in presenting arguments. It was in negotiation, in bringing about agreements, and in organizing.

He usually saw right off the points on which men who thought they were wide apart were really in agreement. He was valuable, too, because he grasped immediately the weak spots in testimony.

After he had been at Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett's for awhile, a new client put a case in the firm's hands and asked to have the best man possible sent to him in order that he might explain the matter in detail. Morrow was the representative selected, and he looked so young that the client was almost insulted. This boy will never understand anything, he thought to himself, and debated whether it might not be better to withdraw the case then and there.

However, he decided to attempt the explanation and said to Morrow: "Just interrupt me when you don't understand, then I'll stop and go into greater detail."

But he talked on and on and there was no interruption. His disgust was complete. He thought that the

"young jackanapes" probably had no idea what it was all about!

Just then Morrow spoke up. "Wait a minute, sir, I don't quite see that last point," he said.

"And, by George," exploded the client, telling the story later, "he'd actually struck the one weak spot in the whole structure."

Neil A. Weathers, Morrow's junior in the law office, remembers that at eleven o'clock one Saturday morning Morrow called in a force of young lawyers, clerks and stenographers, to announce that by Monday morning the firm must deliver to a client all the papers in a great building transaction. The papers were numerous, including mortgages, sales bills, contracts and what not. All these papers must not only be drawn but printed by Monday, Morrow said. To the rest of the staff the task seemed utterly impossible of accomplishment. However, each began to do what Morrow apportioned to him.

That indefatigable worker called the printers from their homes in Englewood. They left their week-end plans, came to New York and worked all night. Morrow himself worked until Sunday morning, went home for food and a bath and came back. On Monday, at nine, the batch of papers was ready according to promise and specifications, and was on the client's desk.

Morrow did not often appear in court and never was pleased with the showing he made when he did.

After his first argument, he said: "This is the first

time I have been paid to talk, and others have been paid to listen to me. I could not make them listen."

Others did not agree with him. They thought him a convincing orator. On one occasion he represented the firm in a distant city where local lawyers had been hired to present the case. These men made speeches but seemed unfamiliar with the real facts. The judge asked one of the local lawyers a question which he could not answer. "I should like to refer Your Honor to my associate, Mr. Morrow," he finally said.

So Morrow, who had not thought of being called on, made a fifteen-minute speech that won the case for his clients.

The story is often told of a situation involving a big estate in which Morrow was called upon to act as arbitrator. Two factions were in dire disagreement. The only point upon which they seemed able to see eye to eye was about Dwight Morrow. Both sides agreed to let him settle the dispute. Morrow called them together just before he sailed for Europe one spring.

"I haven't time to read all these briefs," he told them. "But I understand you are all agreed that such and such is the case."

"But we are not agreed," they interrupted.

"It is in your briefs," said Morrow.

"Oh no, impossible," they all protested.

Morrow opened the briefs and showed them that the essential point on which an agreement might be reached was in each set of documents. He had not studied the briefs, but a cursory glance had given him

the one point which might serve as a basis for settlement. And a settlement was reached before he sailed.

Often Morrow works too hard. Once when he had just recovered from bronchial pneumonia, aggravated by overwork, he went with Mrs. Morrow to Nassau and the Bahamas.

"I'm an old man," he said sadly on the way down. (He was in his thirties, then). "I'll never do anything worthwhile again!"

But after ten days' rest, he was, as Mrs. Morrow expressed it, "pushing the boat" to get back to work.

In 1911 came a real holiday in Europe. All the children were taken along but were left with relatives while Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, packs strapped to their backs, took a walking trip through the Tyrolean Alps. Then Mr. Morrow returned to America, and Mrs. Morrow and the children spent a year in Germany. The children studied the language and enjoyed Europe but were wild with joy at getting back to Englewood.

Dwight, not yet four, restored to his home, looked fondly at the back garden, his favorite play-place, and spoke for the whole family when he said in his baby German: *"Alles, alles ist Englewood!"* (All, all is Englewood!)

Few civic or charitable movements in Englewood went forward in those early days without the help of Mr. and Mrs. Morrow. One of Morrow's first activities was to help in organizing the Englewood Civic Association which joined five charitable organizations and

did away with much duplication and overlapping. He became the Association's first president.

In 1914 he was active in a campaign of which Seward Prosser was executive chairman to raise money for building the maternity wing of the Englewood Hospital, and was chairman of the Citizens' Committee under which $1,064,000 was raised for the present Hospital building.

When a campaign for a million dollars for a nurses' home and a hundred and twenty new beds was begun, he was the first to contribute money to the expense campaign. Mrs. Morrow in 1915 became a member of the board of governors of the hospital and has been as active as her husband in promoting its interests.

The present building of the Englewood Public Library was put up while Mr. Morrow was chairman, and he was also chairman of a commission which abolished the inadequate Tri-county Poorhouse and erected a new one.

Dwight Morrow has always wanted his children to be educated into giving. He has known what it means to be poor and what happens in a home when a mother is taken sick. His annual charity list is therefore a broad one—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish Institutions, poor boys, sick children, theological seminaries, mountain schools, churches and recreational organizations benefit from his generous gifts.

CHAPTER XIV

Partner In J. P. Morgan & Company

THE old axiom that Opportunity is likely to search a man out in his unguarded moments was demonstrated anew in the early winter of 1914, when Dwight Morrow made a speech at a banquet where the late Henry P. Davison, partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., was a guest.

Mr. Davison knew Mr. Morrow as a member of the law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, and when Morrow began his speech, their relations were of the casual character you find among those active in the life of down-town New York.

When Morrow concluded that speech, however, Harry Davison, keen student of men, was his warm admirer. The young lawyer's clear thinking and sound sentiments impressed the banker. Davison determined that he was going to know Morrow better.

Probably it would be too much to say that at that time he foresaw Morrow's partnership in the firm of J. P. Morgan, yet the stage was even then set for some such denouement.

The elder J. P. Morgan had died in 1913. The younger Morgan, who succeeded to his father's place,

believed in the wisdom of surrounding himself with young, vigorous men of ability, character and ambition. Also, it happened that he was searching for such a man who had also had legal training.

Not long after the speech which had so impressed him—and unfortunately nobody seems to remember exactly what Mr. Morrow said on this occasion—Davison asked his partner, Thomas W. Lamont, about the lawyer. Lamont and Morrow were neighbors in Englewood; friends, too. Lamont spoke of Morrow in the highest terms. When later Davison asked Lamont how he would regard Morrow as a fellow-partner in the firm, Lamont was enthusiastically in favor of the idea.

All this time Morrow had not a notion that he was being discussed in any such way. No hint entered his head up to the afternoon that Mr. Davison telephoned to ask if he were free for dinner. That dinner was planned for results.

Harry Davison acted quickly, once his mind was made up. He had made up his mind about Morrow, had talked him over with Mr. Morgan, and was now ready to recommend to his chief that Morrow be taken into the firm. But first he wanted Morgan to meet the lawyer and judge for himself. The introduction was made at the dinner.

That night Morgan and Morrow met as strangers. After dinner they separated as partners. That is, when they separated Mr. Morrow had been offered a partnership in the Morgan firm, and had replied that he would

like time to talk it over with his law partners and to consider what it would mean to him to give up the law as a career and become a banker.

There were many sides to the question. He liked law as a profession and was well fitted for it. Yet he was already conscious of a desire to get into new fields. That phase of the suggested association which would concern the planning and executing of large enterprises appealed to him strongly.

His attitude of mind at this time is revealed in the advice he gave to a friend contemplating a change in work.

"How long have you had your present job?" Mr. Morrow inquired.

"Seven years," was the answer.

"If you have gone so far with it that hereafter you will only be doing over and over the things you have already done, then get out; go on to something else!" Mr. Morrow advised—and realized that the counsel might be good to follow for himself.

He and Mrs. Morrow went down to Bermuda to think over the offer. They discussed every phase of it, and at last Mr. Morrow made his decision. He would accept.

"Well, Betty, we've been happy as lawyers," he said to his wife. "I hope we're going to be happy as bankers."

Former President Coolidge recently pointed out how, by diligence and application, Morrow trained himself

so that he was always ready to undertake larger responsibilities when they came.

In his autobiography President Coolidge also refers to a habit, which he had apparently formed in his own college days, of preparing himself in each new situation for the work and responsibility of the position higher up and just beyond. This, Mr. Coolidge explains, is how he was able, when overnight fate summoned him to the Presidency, to assume that great burden without undue strain. Some such habit was early formed in Dwight Morrow's life. For when he stepped into the many and heavy responsibilities of membership in J. P. Morgan & Co., he was able from the very start to undertake those responsibilities and to carry them through with extraordinary brilliance and success.

Morrow's thirteen years as a banker influenced him and his entire future profoundly. He brought to his task a trained mind full of fire and imagination, and the important things that were being done—important to the financial, economic and industrial well-being of the country—stirred him as nothing ever had before.

It would be difficult and perhaps tedious to try to describe in detail the many operations in which Morrow engaged during his years at the Broad and Wall Street office, fraught with consequence though they were to the world. Figures are dull reading even when they mean that a nation has been saved from ruin. All the same, it is thrilling to know that sometimes the figures with which Dwight Morrow dealt actually did mean that.

He entered upon his new work on the eve of the outbreak of the Great War, and his imagination, skill and resource fitted him to deal with the dramatic and far-reaching problems the firm was immediately called upon to meet.

Almost the first of these problems involved the maintenance of the credit of the City of New York. That municipality had issued obligations due in the autumn of 1914, which were repayable in British sterling and French francs. In August, 1914, pounds sterling and francs were at such a high premium that there was question whether the foreign exchange which was absolutely required could be secured. As an alternative, the City must therefore have assurance that it would be able to meet its obligations in gold. To this end, the Morgan house undertook to organize a banking syndicate which, without charging commission, should furnish the necessary gold to the City.

Morrow was greatly responsible for the conception and execution of this scheme which accomplished the desired two-fold result of preserving New York City's credit and maintaining America's good name abroad.

CHAPTER XV

International Problems

THROUGHOUT the war Morrow was rushed from one great credit enterprise to another in the Morgan office. Despite war and confusion, America's agricultural and manufacturing industries had to be maintained upon an increasing scale of production, and the country's export trade had to be expanded. The most important factors toward both these important ends was the furnishing of credit to foreign governments. They must be enabled to continue their enormous purchases of American grain, cotton, copper, steel and other manufactures.

Among such pressing problems, Morrow's unique ability was put to a genuine test.

To meet the new conditions that arose at every turn required something more than banking experience. Just as conditions were without precedent, so they demanded wholly novel methods of dealing—ingenuity, resource and above all a knowledge of human nature, a feeling for the temper of the country, a realization of what the people were thinking, a sympathy with their ideas, hopes and fears. Those who were associated with Mr. Morrow during those trying days,

or who came in contact with him, are of one opinion—that in such human qualities, in such sympathetic touch, he was unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any other man of affairs of his generation.

Charles A. Coffin, the upbuilder of the General Electric Company, used not infrequently to summon Morrow in order to take counsel with him in those days. Speaking of him one day, he said: "Dwight Morrow is a bundle of smouldering thought; touch a match to him anywhere and he will burst into flame."

Morrow worked unceasingly because he was deeply interested in what he was doing. A typical Morrow day in the Morgan period began with a breakfast conference at eight attended by men with whom he was working on business problems. After breakfast these men, or still another set, would ride with him down to Wall Street, settling some vital question on the way.

If Mr. Morrow ate lunch, he had always as his guest somebody with whom it was necessary to discuss either business or one of his many civic or charitable interests. After luncheon he worked until six o'clock, and then rode up town with somebody else, still talking business.

Most evenings his dinner guests were those with whom he had dealings, and unless he was reminded to eat, Morrow was as likely as not to leave the table without tasting his food, so absorbed would he be in the thoughts the table talk aroused.

As during the war Morrow served his country, both in and out of the Morgan firm; so in the difficult days of post-war reconstruction from 1919 to 1927, he

played a conspicuous part. Europe was in complete economic chaos. For the vital work of reconstruction America's coöperation was absolutely essential. But how to begin to pick up the pieces and put the picture puzzle together again, not even the wisest could quite divine.

The situation in Central Europe seemed most serious, so beginning with Austria in 1923, the task of restoring currencies, balancing government budgets and regaining normal methods of taxation and of trade was undertaken. The Morgan firm became responsible for an important share of the loan which set Austria on her feet. Of this task Mr. Morrow's part was convincing the American financial community of the need and wisdom of coöperation which in the end would mean enlarged markets for American products.

In October, 1924, following the adoption of the Dawes Plan for Germany, came the great reconstruction loan for Germany, half of which—$110,000,000—the Morgan firm took the lead in placing in the American market. Earlier in that same year the firm arranged a credit of $100,000,000 for the Bank of France to help stabilize chaotic conditions in French currency.

Morrow, never satisfied with half-way measures, took a Harvard professor with him to Europe and spent several months making a study of French finance and the possibilities of assistance to that financing in the way of payments from Germany. At the end of his investigation, he wrote a small privately printed book on the subject and was one of the first to point out the

prospects for enormous recuperative capacity on the part of France and the amazing potential abilities of nations generally to recover from the ravages of war.

In the spring of 1925 came the $100,000,000 credit to the British Treasury which Morgan's arranged to assist in Great Britain's return to the gold standard.

Autumn of the same year brought a loan of $100,000,000 to the Italian Government to assist in stabilizing Italian currency and restoring Italian economy. The next year saw a large loan to the Belgian Government for a similar purpose.

The American public did not, perhaps, realize the importance to this country of the efforts of American banking houses to restore the leading foreign nations to a state of equilibrium. It was clear to such minds as Morrow's that not until the European peoples had gotten back on their feet, not until their purchasing power had been in part restored, could American manufacturers and merchants hope to sell their wares abroad upon a scale that spelled fair profits to them and full-time employment at first-rate wages for the American laboring man.

CHAPTER XVI

Cuba's Finance

BUT not all the problems Morrow had to solve were across the ocean. Situations much nearer home often claimed him, as when he was deputed to deal with the difficult financial condition confronting the Government of Cuba in the early years of the present decade. In fact, it was Morrow himself who first perceived the opportunity there for a constructive service and, with the approval of the Department of State, undertook it.

The problem was most serious. The bottom had dropped out of the sugar market and the financial prosperity of Cuba had vanished overnight. Banks were failing, the Government faced bankruptcy. The possibilities of disorder were so alarming that a new intervention by the United States to conserve order was actually under consideration.

Morrow made repeated trips to Cuba and quickly won the confidence of Cuban officials. In January, 1923, after almost two years spent helping the president and other leading Cuban authorities in a successful endeavor to bring about a realization of what were the sound ways of dealing with difficult problems,

Morrow crowned his work by arranging for the successful issuance in New York of a loan to Cuba of $50,000,000, not at all an easy task in view of feeling in certain quarters against Cuba. Thus he furnished the Government an opportunity to work itself out of its pressing difficulties and provided another example of friendly coöperation from the United States to a neighboring people.

In discussing the issue of the bonds, Morrow said: "Remember the proceeds of these bonds to be used to pay the over-due salaries of school teachers in Cuba will be furnished by the school teachers in the United States."

As always, he visualized the financial operation in relation to the individual.

When President-elect Machado of Cuba came to New York City in 1925, Mr. Morrow presided at a dinner in the visitor's honor. Morrow's utterance on that occasion gives a clear idea of his far-seeing wisdom, and his ideals for nations. For instance:

> "The difference between physical exports and imports is balanced by the 'invisible items,' such as the interest on capital invested by the people of the United States in Cuba. The two countries are so closely linked together that their material prosperity is apt to rise and fall at the same time.
>
> "But there are ties other than material ones—ties rooted in geography, in history, in common political aims. There have been times in the past

and there will be in the future when differences will arise between the two countries. Differences of opinion between States are incidents of international life. Acknowledgment of the possibility of such differences is the effective way of preventing serious consequences arising therefrom.

"All nations are prone to judge themselves by the loftiness of their own purposes, and to judge other nations by their failure to attain their high purposes. Both Cuba and the United States have a right to be judged by the standard that they set up and by the effort they make to reach that standard. To judge any nation only by its lapses from its standards is to do it an injustice.

"Nations like men are to be judged not alone by what they are but most of all by what they earnestly desire to become. Our belief in democracy rests upon a faith in what humanity can become as well as upon a frank recognition of what humanity is.

"American business men who have differences with Cuban people should first seek remedies for their alleged wrongs through the ordinary channels in Cuba—they should not go to Washington."

A man who held such beliefs would find it unthinkable that an American army should land on the island in the Caribbean to straighten out a political and economic tangle!

It was in great part because of the work he led that

this catastrophe was avoided. After one of his visits, General Enoch Crowder, American Minister to Cuba, wrote to friends: "Dwight Morrow has given Cuba a soul."

Many dramatic stories are told of Morrow's banking enterprises—including how he sat up all one night in order to figure out the financing necessary to avert the ruin of several great enterprises the next day. When dawn came, he had evolved a way to save the situation.

Then there is the tale of a day when he lunched with Mr. Davison and sent away dish after dish untasted, so deep in thoughts of his own that his companion, after several ineffectual efforts to get answers to his questions, fell silent, too. Finally, the waiter removing Mr. Morrow's still-brimming coffee cup was alarmed to see that gentleman suddenly leap to his feet, bang his fist on the table and cry: "I have it! I've mutualized the Equitable!"

Morrow's method was to get all the facts first. A new piece of business meant first a great fact-finding campaign, research work, talk with individuals. Then, with all the facts at hand, Morrow would move.

He unraveled New Haven Railroad difficulties, solved complex financial problems of the Interborough Subway properties, gave counsel to both branches of the Du Pont family in connection with their entry into General Motors Corporations.

Daniel Guggenheim, pioneer with his brothers in the discovery and production of precious and non-precious metals, once said that six months after Dwight

Morrow had undertaken the study of the copper industry he knew more about it than all seven of the Guggenheim brothers put together. While Morrow's most ardent admirer would be slow to admit the truth of such a broad and generous statement, considering the vast lore in metallurgy possessed by Daniel Guggenheim and his brothers, nevertheless that saying of "Mr. Dan," as Dwight Morrow affectionately called him, illustrates the thoroughness of Morrow's methods.

The particular operation which gave Morrow a large part of his reputation as a copper expert was the formation of the Kennecott Copper Company and the contemporaneous opening up of rich copper deposits in Alaska. He also had a hand in joining the Utah and Braden Copper Companies to Kennecott, and in associated operations which served to furnish to the American community great copper reserves which will be available to generations of American industry still to come.

All these operations with which Morrow was identified thrilled the men who knew the resourcefulness he displayed in bringing about results. They were the problems he had sought when he entered the Morgan firm. They fascinated and absorbed him, and his eagerness for them never lagged, however heavy and baffling the burden.

Yet even the sturdiest must seek rest, and as summer came in 1927, Morrow's thoughts turned to North Haven, Maine, where his family had established their

summer home. He went there for a well-earned vacation with his family and his books and with no other thought in his mind than a return to the duties and associations in the Morgan firm, to which he was devoted.

CHAPTER XVII

Reforming New Jersey Prisons

THE first public office that Dwight Morrow ever held was in line with his school-teacher parentage and his early developed inclination to help the other fellow and to understand his needs.

It was in 1917 that Governor Walter Edge called upon Mr. Morrow, then deep in war work, to join in the effort to take the inhumanity out of New Jersey prisons, and to put their management on a new basis. There was an indignant demand at this time from New Jersey newspapers and citizens for a radical change in the treatment of inmates of the State Prison and other correctional institutions.

Jersey justice, the people insisted, must be tempered with Jersey mercy and humanity. Governor Edge faced a problem that demanded instant solution, for scandal after scandal, published almost daily in the newspapers, was destroying discipline and making the State Prison seem like a citadel of brutality and torture —as indeed it was.

Every day that such a condition lasted carried with it the peril of just such a catastrophe as that memorable one in the Ohio State Prison at Columbus, Ohio, in

1930. Governor Edge indeed foresaw that some such calamity as a great prison conflagration with the death of scores of locked-in inmates might be imminent, and he realized that there already were men undergoing a living death in New Jersey. The daily revelations about prison conditions stirred his sympathies profoundly. He was determined to find a remedy in new policies and a new attitude by the State.

He soon saw that prison management must first be taken out of politics in which it was enmeshed. The revolting conditions that had aroused the resentment of the people of the state were due largely to the reign of politicians in the different institutions.

The governor was concerned that the problem should be solved by men who commanded public confidence. Necessarily, they would have to be men busily occupied with their own affairs but willing to sacrifice their time for the general good. He sought that type of men for the work.

Mr. Morrow was one of those called to duty. Deeply interested, he promptly accepted membership on a commission of five created to study the situation and make recommendations. William B. Dickson was made chairman, and associated with him were Seymour L. Cromwell, Henry F. Hilfers, and John P. Murray. Six months later Mr. Dickson resigned from the commission and Mr. Morrow was chosen chairman in his stead.

Then began a period of thorough investigation, frequent discussions with experienced prison wardens,

visits to institutions within and outside state lines, and, finally, intensive study of the facts developed and the reform proposed.

Here was a problem that appealed more strongly to Morrow the deeper he ploughed into it. It gripped his sympathies, for it meant a helping hand to the down-and-out; possibly a saving hand, certainly a merciful one.

The subject had always fascinated him. At law school he had specialized in criminal law and here was an opportunity to face theories with facts. He believed that many seeming criminals were victims of psychopathic conditions beyond their control, and he was convinced that medical treatment should take the place of brutality and harshness in an effort to rehabilitate them.

He went at his task with no hard and fast opinions as to what should be done or how. His one fixed idea was that something was wrong, very wrong in the management of Jersey prisons and in the attitude of jailers toward inmates.

Time and again since Mr. Morrow retired from the Prison Board in 1920, he has said that, without the earnest and active support of his associates, he could not have planned the scheme of prison management and the policies of treatment of prison inmates so successfully as fortunately he was able to do. Every member of the commission did his share of the work, with the result that prison management was placed on an efficient basis, politics was made a minor rather than

a major factor, and the treatment of inmates was considered from the point of view of helping where help was possible instead of brutalizing hopeless beings.

The best evidence that the new prison policies of the state are working out as anticipated is the fact that while prison uprisings, the murder of keepers and convicts, the scandal of corrupt management, appear as first page news almost daily in the newspapers of the country—cropping out in almost every state—New Jersey prisons are conspicuously absent from the appalling list of disturbed centers.

Though years have gone by since Mr. Morrow resigned as President of the Prison Board created on advice of the commission, the creative work done in his three years' tenure is the basis today on which the correctional and hospital work of New Jersey institutions is carried on. It has served as a model for other states, after they have made exhaustive studies of prison control and treatment elsewhere. No one pretends, least of all Mr. Morrow, that the millenium has been reached in New Jersey prison control; a working basis has been laid, however, and a distinct improvement shown in every department.

Morrow and his fellow members tackled no light task. It was hard to make those who controlled the institutions understand that a new day had dawned, and that a new attitude toward unfortunates, whether hardened criminals or aged and infirm, must be taken.

Morrow had to meet and overcome, at first, almost a defiance of the purpose of the investigating commis-

sion. Everybody soon found, however, that the doughty little chairman of the commission was no dilettante reformer chasing rainbows, but a clear-thinking, hard-headed man of experience looking for practical results. Then the obstinate, indifferent attitude changed and to some degree, at least, officials joined in the effort he was making.

The first public statement from the commission hit squarely and frankly at the center of prison evils. Visits had been made to the Trenton prison; keepers, inmates and others had been interviewed; hearings had been held. The people of the state were clamoring to know what the commission had learned—particularly about the Trenton State Prison.

They soon heard. There was no mincing of words.

"We are convinced," announced the commissioners, "that the system of discipline in the State Prison is marred by the presence, among officials, of men who have, in the course of their service, become so hardened in temper and routine as to be practically unfitted to exercise authority over the men under their charge."

That statement brought public opinion strongly back of Mr. Morrow and his associates. It was realized that they meant business.

Right in the midst of the investigation came the death of a prisoner who a few days before had been beaten with clubs and blackjacks by under-keepers as discipline for misconduct. The Citizens' Union of the state made formal complaint of the outrage.

The commission recommended to the governor that

the case should go to the Public Prosecutor of Mercer County. This was done and resulted in the lodgment of charges against four under-keepers that they be discharged. The Mercer County grand jury, however, rendered a verdict that not sufficient evidence had been produced, despite the convict's death, to prove conclusively that greater force had been used than was necessary in self-defense!

Every member of the commission, indignant, was stirred to stronger action, and Governor Edge felt, as they did, that some definite step had to be taken. Newspapers, too, again reflected the imperative need for a change. The seriousness of the situation was too obvious for mere commission recommendations; the time had come for the legislature to back up the commission with effective law.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Pattern for the Country

AFTER a further investigation of the State Prison, the Prison Commission held a joint conference with the governor, the Board of Prison Inspectors and the Principal Keeper, and submitted certain specific recommendations for immediate action. The most important of these were that a physical and mental examination of the inmates of the prisons, already authorized by the legislature, be instituted without delay, and that the principal keeper of the prison proceed at once to lay out and submit to the inspectors a plan for the classification of inmates as a basis for discipline.

In this plan, good conduct was to be stimulated by the offer of rewards and privileges, and misconduct punished by the loss of such benefits.

After Morrow became chairman of the commission, he called in his former Columbia University teacher, Dr. George Kirchwey, prison expert, whose work as warden of Sing Sing he had watched with interest. He also engaged Harry Elmer Barnes to make and write a study of the history of New Jersey prisons—all this in accordance with his invariable rule of fact-finding first.

With his customary concentration, Mr. Morrow threw himself heart and soul into his new problems. In order to facilitate the work, he gave Dr. Kirchwey an office in downtown New York City and arranged his own duties so that he could lunch with the investigator frequently to discuss problems as they arose.

In addition, he and Dr. Kirchwey made a series of inspection tours of New Jersey institutions in order to see conditions exactly as they were. The two men, their mission unknown, talked to wardens, keepers and prisoners, drew out revealing expressions of opinion behind the scenes.

Dr. Kirchwey reported to a friend that Morrow was admirable at that sort of thing.

Some of the conditions horrified the two investigators. At one reform school for boys where the visitors arrived at meal time, they saw the boys sitting at attention, forced to eat in silence while guards rapped out signals.

"No wonder they get worse rather than better in these places," Morrow exclaimed, indignantly.

In one of their many train journeys from New York to Trenton, Morrow suddenly asked Dr. Kirchwey: "What right have we to punish a man for crime? Oughtn't we to decide that before we go further into this investigation?"

Then and there the two men began a brisk discussion which lasted all the way to Trenton and back. As usual, Morrow wanted to get down to fundamentals.

A few days after their return to New York, Dr.

Kirchwey received a careful memorandum from Morrow containing a summing-up of his more deliberate thought on the question. He had decided that under certain conditions the State does have a right to punish. Having catalogued his sober second thought, he was ready to proceed with the investigation.

The report submitted to the governor by the commission set forth certain harsh facts. The commissioners had found that when a prisoner was received at the State Prison it was customary to place him in quarantine for fourteen days, during which time he was locked in his cell with no opportunity for physical exercise.

Also, medical examination of prisoners was inadequate and facilities were lacking to secure a proper segregation of those prisoners who had infectious or contagious diseases.

The opportunities for physical exercise in the open air were declared entirely too sparse; and there was violation of the law providing that no more than one prisoner should be lodged in each cell.

Prisoners' food was poorly cooked and improperly served in cells and cell corridors, since there was no dining hall large enough. Facilities for the prison system of education required by law were seen to be hopelessly bad.

Worst of all, prisoners were sometimes punished by being thrown into the foulest, most disgraceful dungeons for long periods.

Again, the prison authorities had no system for grading, or rewards based upon conduct. Naturally

this absence of substantial benefits made it impossible to administer punishment by deprivation of benefits.

The law regulating contract labor in the State Prison was flagrantly violated, too. More than one hundred prisoners were assigned to one contract, and the products of prison labor went unmarked, in spite of a legal provision to the contrary.

A prisoner suffering from tuberculosis who was committed to State Prison for two years or more, was practically sentenced to death by disease, so appalling were the conditions under which he had to live.

Some people who were afraid that prisoners were going to be coddled pointed out that many changes had already been made both in the criminal code and in prison conditions since the time of an investigating committee in 1850, when it was found that there was not even segregation of sexes in the prisons.

Death had been prescribed in the East Jersey codes of 1668 not only for murder, but for perjury, abduction, witchcraft, assault by children upon their parents, conspiracy, the third offense of burglary and robbery, and the fourth offense of thievery.

Though the usual punishment for arson was full satisfaction to the injured party by the offender, he might suffer death if he could not produce suitable restitution. For a first offense at burglary or robbery was decreed full restitution and the brand of thief on the hand. A second offense required restitution and the thief's brand on the forehead. Death was the

penalty for the third offense. Corporal punishment and banishment for adultery were common.

"Concerning that beastly vice, drunkenness," the law ruled that the guilty party was to be fined one shilling for the first offense; two for the second; and three and six for all subsequent repetitions. On default of fine, corporal punishment was ordered and stocks were decreed for unruly drunkards. Swearing was punished, too—by a fine of one shilling, half of which went to the public treasury and half to the informant!

Those who could not furnish satisfactory explanation of their absence from home after nine o'clock in the evening were also to be punished according to the discretion of the court.

So, said the New Jerseyites who maintained that all prison reform led to prisoner coddling, we have already reformed our prisons. Look at the past! Prisoners have it easy now!

But Dwight Morrow, working night and day just then on war problems of the greatest magnitude, did not agree. He took time to study every line written by Dr. Kirchwey, and to discuss in detail every suggestion that the expert made. When the committee report was finally finished, he shut himself in his study at Englewood for three days, and came out with certain suggestions which were immediately incorporated.

So it stands today—a pattern for the whole country.

Experts have declared that Morrow's knowledge of prison problems is probably more comprehensive than

that of any other layman in the United States. That is because when Morrow goes into any question, he goes into it as though he were planning to make it a life work.

CHAPTER XIX

Details of the Plan

DETAILS of the New Jersey plan for centralized coördination of public institutions, put into operation July, 1918, are worth studying.

As a result of the commission's findings, a single public welfare department called the Department of Institutions and Agencies was formed and given responsibility for coördinating the activities of both hospital and correctional types of institutions.

The plan works simply and efficiently with the primary ideal of social rehabilitation. Eight members of the State Board of Control, appointed by the governor, with the consent of the Senate, serve without salary and hold office for terms of eight years each. The term of one member of the board expires each year, but the tradition is for reappointment so that there may be a continuity of policy and a familiarity with the problems of institutional organization.

The State Board appoints a State Commissioner and also local managerial boards for the various agencies, subject to approval of the governor. These board members serve for terms of three years each.

Each local board appoints the executive officers for

the institution under its care, subject to approval of the State Board. All other employees of local institutions come under Civil Service requirements.

The State Board has the following divisions: Classification and Education; Parole and Domestic Relations; State Use; Inspection and Legal Settlement; Architecture and Construction and Administration and Statistics which includes the services of a supervising accountant, supervising steward, a farm supervisor and a general clerical and filing division.

The success of the plan results from the fact that while great power of initiative and recommendation is delegated, there is nowhere absolute authority. Every state institution has its own board, but the state board sets standards and assumes jurisdiction over what is common to all.

No other state in the Union has precisely such a set-up—that is, a strong centralized board combined with a local self-governing board.

The state-use system has also proved highly successful in New Jersey in connection with the organization that has been built up. One of the greatest prison problems is finding work that prisoners can do with the approval of labor unions. The state-use system as worked out in New Jersey is based upon the idea that goods produced by charges of the state shall be used by state institutions; the surplus if any must be sold in the open market at not less than market price. Thus competition is avoided.

One great asset of the New Jersey system is that the

State Board of which Mr. Morrow was the first president, is as far removed as possible from the realm of politics and competition. Reappointment is the rule followed by all governors; the central board thus has a settled policy and time to watch the development. Products made in the various institutions are exchanged, as are also medical and psychological facilities, so that the methods of treatment developed in the hospital group can be used to advantage in the correctional group. The personnel throughout is professional with the result that members look upon their work as careers, not as political jobs.

Departments and institutions have developed specialized clinics, based on the large state hospitals, and staffed by hospital experts. These clinics, serving in the field of mental hygiene and tuberculosis, have extended their services from state institutions to local and private agencies without duplicating or interfering with the services of the local hospital or clinic.

The underlying policies in the development of clinic service have been coöperation with local general hospitals or special hospitals for mental or tuberculosis diseases; services in the way of diagnostic or follow-up work among patients who have been released from the state institutions; and the development of the full use of local physicians and local hospital facilities.

The New Jersey public now realizes that the management of institutions calls for competent, experienced, trained personnel. Nothing else would be tolerated by voters. Any governor or other state official who

tried to defeat this end would soon suffer public displeasure. This is probably one of the most significant outgrowths of a welfare department, free from necessity of political activity and having the support of the people and state generally, and of leaders of both political parties.

The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor gave Mr. Morrow a gold medal in 1920, and later that year he resigned as president of the New Jersey board. In accepting his resignation, the board passed a resolution urging him to continue as a member.

Mr. Morrow has had recognition for his labor in other fields of endeavor, but he prizes none more highly than the tributes from his associates in a work that he undertook as a duty and continued as a sympathetic effort to help those who have lost because they have not known the better influence of a kindly hand.

The resolution ran:

> "Whereas, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, President of the State Board, has performed striking public services in the conduct of the Prison Inquiry Commission investigation, in the organization of the new State Department created by the new code adopted by the Legislature in 1918, and as President of the State Board since its organization, which was fittingly recognized by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor by the presentation to him of one of its gold medals in

recognition of his work on behalf of the state-use system in New Jersey, and

"Whereas, Mr. Morrow has found it impossible, because of the very heavy responsibilities placed upon him in other fields, to continue to serve as President of the State Board and has submitted his resignation as such.

"Be It Resolved, That we his associates on the State Board in accepting his resignation as President, do hereby express our appreciation of his loyal and very important services and our very deep regret that he is compelled, because of overwork, to relinquish his position as President, and our appreciation of his willingness to continue as a member of the State Board."

CHAPTER XX

The War Savings Committee

MEN and women everywhere carried heavy burdens during the war, whether fighting in the front-line trenches, caring for the wounded and sick in the hospitals, or organizing, providing and allocating men, materials and food essential to victory.

Mr. Morrow did his share both in this country and abroad; it was in his quick and broad grasp of needs and the way to meet them that he laid the foundation for a national reputation as organizer and harmonizer.

In spite of his responsibility in the enormous and perplexing task of furnishing credit and supplies to this nation and others, he accepted without hesitation when Governor Walter Edge drafted him to aid in solving the pressing problem of New Jersey's overcrowded State Prisons. And when, on November 9, 1917—six months after we had entered the war—Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo appointed him director of the National War Savings Committee for the State of New Jersey, he cheerfully took on that obligation, too.

Had Mr. Morrow visioned his war savings duties merely as a sales campaign—some directors in other states did, with results not altogether fortunate—he

might have lessened his labors considerably and contented himself with pointing to figures and figures only. He, however, had a different conception of the campaign's possibilities, founded on the original idea at Washington that it should be an effort to educate the people to the need for self-denial in all things required for the men in the trenches or on our battleships.

Morrow was determined that New Jersey should lead in this patriotic effort. He associated some of the principal men of the state with him, and all joined heartily in a campaign not merely to preach the buying of war stamps and consequent saving of money, but to influence everyone to stop using anything that might be needed by our fighting forces.

An incident late in 1917, just after the war stamp work got under way, illustrates the part that has been played in his success by his talent for winning people in spite of themselves.

He had gone to a state where he was not very well-known to address a meeting of a national organization on the subject of war savings stamps.

When it came time for him to utilize the time grudgingly allotted to him, the not very efficient chairman said: "We're now going to hear from—" (hesitating and turning to Mr. Morrow)—"I beg your pardon, what is the name? Oh yes, Mr. Morrow of the—I beg your pardon, what is the committee?—on the subject of—I beg your pardon, what is the subject?—"

Such an introduction was not the best a speaker could ask. Some men would have been confused but such

was Morrow's enthusiasm and magnetism that before he had talked many minutes men and women who had thought they were not interested in war savings stamps and had been gathering their wraps to depart settled back. When he finally stopped, the audience shouted for him to go on!

The Morrow policy was to teach the public that the war could be won only if materials and labor were sent to the Front in quantity and with speed. That meant individual self-denial.

"Go without if you intend to win," he declared; persistently he hammered home the message that if non-fighters kept on using supplies needed by the fighters, no battle could be won. With an enemy 3,000 miles across the seas, not near one's door, it was more than the work of a day to establish the imperative need for self-sacrifice. Morrow made the issue personal by pointing out that savings would mean insurance against sickness and unemployment, twin spectres that haunt every human being. He explained carefully, too, that money deposited with savings banks or with insurance companies in the form of premiums would ultimately serve the uses of the United States as well as though used to purchase stamps.

This was a new idea, Morrow's own, and at first not entirely in accord with the selling campaigns conducted in many other states. It had an immediate influence, however, for not only did New Jersey take its full quota of stamps, but savings banks promptly reported sudden increases in deposits and insurance companies a run-up

in applications for new policies. People of New Jersey were quick to see that Morrow's advice was sound, war or no war.

A leaflet gotten out by the Morrow Committee, "Robinson Crusoe and Thrift Stamps," embodying the New Jersey idea, was reprinted widely throughout the nation and was used by the National Liberty Loan Committee in the Third Loan Campaign. New Jersey thrift on the Morrow plan became as nationally known as New Jersey justice.

The formation of War Savings Societies in various industries was also fostered first by the Morrow committee, and the Prudential Insurance Company of Newark organized the first War Savings Society in the nation. Later, employees in the shipyards of the New York Shipbuilding Company in Camden formed the largest War Savings Society in the country.

As success after success in the War Savings plan was reported from New Jersey, Morrow was asked to speak throughout the country.

One of his addresses made at this time has since been constantly used as an appeal to upbuild American savings; it was a plea to every citizen to save twenty cents a day.

"In the great enterprise of the restoration of Europe the indispensable man, the hero, will be the plain old-fashioned man who spends less than he produces and thus creates a fund without which all plans for the restoration of Europe must come to naught," Morrow said.

"If each of the 100,000,000 people in the United States would save twenty cents a day for three hundred days a year the capital fund of the United States would be increased by $6,000,000,000."

CHAPTER XXI

The Tangle of Allied Shipping

PRESIDENT WILSON was quick to show his appreciation of the broader basis on which Morrow had conducted the New Jersey campaign. The chaos existing among the Allied nations over shipping and over supplies was steadily imperilling the success of the war, and the President was searching the country for a man who understood unity, coöperation and organization in order to name him as a member of the Allied Maritime Transport Council.

He chose Dwight Morrow. In two weeks' time Morrow had secured temporary release from the Morgan firm, had closed out other important duties, and was sailing across the Atlantic.

In Paris, gathered with men from all the nations allied in war, Mr. Morrow had need for every get-together trait he possessed. It has been said that ships won the war. At least the story of ships in the war is one of the most dramatic of the great tragedy. But as matters stood when the Maritime Council early in 1918 began its effort to bring order out of chaos, the war was far from being won and ships were far from being the effective agencies they must become if victory was to be expected.

Mr. Morrow took with him abroad the theory he has always held—that for individuals to agree it is only necessary to bring out the underlying facts, and reason will follow. That theory, he contended, applied to nations as well as to individuals and he undertook to have it dominate the Maritime Council.

To understand the seriousness of the chaotic shipping situation at the time, it should be recalled that in the earlier years of the war each of the warring nations carried on what amounted to a separate war with Germany. Each maintained its own military and naval command, its own distinct type of guns, munitions and other war materials, and, worse still, its own system of transport and supplies.

For example, it was common enough for a cargo of wheat going from India to England to pass in the Mediterranean a cargo of wheat bound from America to Italy. Both ships needlessly sailed through a German submarine zone, both made needlessly long voyages. The Indian wheat should have stopped at Italy and its place in England should have been taken by the American wheat. So it was with coal. Italy needed coal badly. Shipping coal from England meant time lost, ships endangered. How much easier and safer it would have been to have France send coal from its own mines by rail into Italy and for England to ship a similar tonnage across the Channel to France.

Looking backward, such adjustments seem only a reasonable basis on which all concerned would promptly agree, but in the heat of war it was different.

Each nation was seeking its own salvation and each wanted its way. The Allied Maritime Council had to establish the doctrine "one for all and all for one" and get the powers to enforce it.

The first step was to follow the Morrow plan of getting at the facts. What were each nation's minimum requirements? What could each nation furnish others out of its own resources?

Even here care had to be taken that nations should not ask too much beyond their needs, and agree to give up too little of their own resources. Round-table discussions went on almost endlessly. Finally a working agreement was reached for the allotment of ships and the distribution of supplies of all kinds. A control board was established to route food, war munitions and men from America and other countries. The plan was an enlargement of the wheat distribution plan then working so well. It involved many kinds of supplies, from a needle to a locomotive, from a hospital bed to a trench tool and the task of allotment was both delicate and difficult.

In the final summary of factors contributing to the Allied victory, the Transport Council must be placed high on the list. If ships won the war, or were among the ranking influences that won the war, then this estimate of the council's work is accurate, for it found chaos and created order, it found misunderstandings and suspicions between nations as to ships and supplies and it brought understanding, frankness and unity.

Without disparaging other members of the council,

it can be said that Mr. Morrow did his full share of this essential work, and his associates have not hesitated to credit him most generously with bringing about results. He proved his pet theory that men sitting together and confining themselves to fact-finding eventually find a way to united action; most important of all in that war time it came to be revealed to each nation, little by little, that other nations too could be high-minded and unselfish once the whole situation was frankly revealed.

In a speech at Smith College after the war, Morrow embodied this idea in these words:

> "Let us remember that it is not by writing words upon parchment that governments will stop war [he said]. Before peace comes, men and women must learn to trust each other. They must not only desire understanding of their fellows; they must be willing to exert themselves to find out the truth about their fellows, without which truth, understanding is impossible."

The work that Morrow was doing in the council soon attracted the attention of General Pershing, who sent for him to come to Chaumont, where American general headquarters were located. Morrow might have put on a uniform then and taken a commission, but he preferred to remain a civilian. His rôle was civil aide to Pershing. He described his duties at Chaumont as those of "general errand boy." But the

"errands" upon which Pershing sent him had a good deal to do with the conduct of the war.

In the Chaumont days, Morrow kept a little notebook in which he made all sorts of entries about supplies and specifications—so much barbed wire for so many feet of front-line trenches and the like.

The little book was so useful that officers at headquarters borrowed it until it was worn threadbare.

Morrow was in the first automobile load of men to enter the town of Lille after the Germans evacuated. He went into a little restaurant there and bought a big loaf of bread which he broke into three pieces. The only French words he or any of the party knew were "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!" Morrow shouted them, and Frenchmen and Americans staged a brotherly little celebration then and there.

After they had eaten the bread, Morrow made signs to ask for meat—none of his party had tasted any for many days—and when it was brought he meowed and gestured to ask if it was cat meat. The restaurant keeper laughed heartily and made a sign of long ears to indicate that the meat was rabbit. The peasants named Morrow "the friendly American." He got on just as well with their superiors, Poincaré, Briand, Tardieu and other prominent warriors and statesmen when he met them, and grew to have such an interest in the country and the people that though he knew no French, a Frenchman said, "He speaks the language of our hearts."

Mr. Morrow received a Distinguished Service Medal

from his own country for his war services and was decorated also by Italy, France and Greece. The citation for the D.S.M. which was presented personally by General Pershing, ran:

> "He was responsible for the first intelligent epitomization of the complete allied tonnage situation, and his able presentation of the situation to the allied countries materially affected the tonnage policy, resulting in all possible economy. By his tact and good judgment in matters affecting the establishment of the maritime board of allied supply he helped materially in the splendid results obtained by that organization."

CHAPTER XXII

Aircraft and National Defense

ON OCTOBER 17, 1918, Mr. Morrow wrote to his daughter Elisabeth from Paris:

"When you are an old, old lady with white curls and grandchildren, there *may* be another war, although some wise people say that there never will be.

"I hope the wise people are right, but I doubt it. When your grandchildren march off to the war, they will think that war consists of bands playing music and of flags.

"You can tell them that you never saw a war, but that your father saw a little bit of a big war when you were a small girl and that he wrote you about it, and in the war that he saw there were no bands and no flags, but that it consisted mainly of muddy roads, very much crowded with trucks and wagons and horses, with many horses lying dead in the fields, occasionally a dead man that had not been buried, and very often the white bones of men that had been dead for a long time."

Later he gave Elisabeth this further vivid picture of a war that was "not all flags and bands playing music":

"I went down into the cellar of an old fortress at Verdun. The passageways run in all directions and they are used now mainly for bakeries. While we were down there we saw a French soldier reading a paper of the day before. The map showed that the French had gone almost as far north as Rethel, and he pointed to a little town south of Rethel which had come into the possession of the French the day before for the first time in four years, and said that his wife and two little children had been there ever since the war started.

"He held out his hand to show how tall his little girl had been when he was called to the colors in August, 1914, and his hand was about as high as Constance. Then he held out his hand again to show how big his little girl is now, and his hand was about as high as Dwight.

"The French soldier seemed to be very much excited at the thought of getting back to his wife and children and very happy about it all.

"He had been fighting for four years and had been wounded twice. A great many wise men have written books as to what the war is all about, but I suppose the French soldier hadn't any doubt about what he was fighting for. He wanted to get back to his wife and children. I don't blame him a bit; do you? I want to get back to mine."

In September, 1925, almost seven years after he had gone back to private life, Mr. Morrow's government again called upon him for service. At this time, President Coolidge took note of the fact that though men had learned to fly, their wings did not always take them out of the zone of human conflict. He appointed a board "for the purpose of making a study of the best means of developing and applying aircraft in national defense," and named Dwight Morrow a member.

The board members learned of their appointment when they saw their pictures in the newspapers next day. It was a revival of the wartime custom of drafting talent. The President gave his appointees no chance to refuse service. He summoned them to Washington, thanked them for their "willingness to help the government in this important work," and explained that their labors must unfortunately be unrewarded since there was no appropriation from which to pay their expenses.

Need for the board had grown out of the crash of the dirigible Shenandoah followed by much intemperate talk among fliers throughout the country about governmental injustice to aviation. The newspapers were filled with accusations and counter-accusations. The President concluded that the tales ought to be sifted and the truth gleaned.

The board he named included, besides Mr. Morrow, a retired Army officer, Major-General James G. Harbord; a retired Navy Officer, Rear-Admiral Frank E. Fletcher; Howard E. Coffin, of Detroit, consulting

engineer and expert in aeronautics; Senator Hiram Bingham, formerly in the Air Service and member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs; Congressman Carl Vinson, member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs; Congressman James S. Parker, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce; Judge Arthur C. Denison, of the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, and William F. Durand, President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and member of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

Mr. Morrow was elected chairman as being from his occupation more disinterested than most of the others. The board sat for three months in Washington hearing testimony from army and navy officials, aviation experts, engineers and representatives of civilian concerns.

Some temperamental aviators felt hampered by what they called the old-fogey ideas of the conservative Army and Navy. Many officers of the Army and Navy saw the aviators as impulsive young upstarts.

The one thing that stood out clearly from the very first was the great conflict in the testimony. This conflict extended not only to matters of opinion, where it was necessarily to be expected—indeed, where to some extent it was to be desired—but also to what seemed to be differences in statement of fact. There were indeed some real conflicts on questions of fact. In most cases, however, Mr. Morrow believed the apparent differences in fact were merely different conclusions resulting from partial statements.

Going on this assumption, he adopted the method of letting anybody who had anything to say talk himself out. The hearing was leisurely so that everybody was given a chance, and inevitably the emotional tension lessened as complainants unburdened their hearts.

It was not an easy task to be chairman of such a hearing. The aviators wanted everything at once—a cabinet department of their own, recognition of their importance equally with the army and navy, yet separated from them. Even on the committee, there were great differences of opinion that had to be reconciled. Representatives of every section of opinion were watching eagle-eyed for favoritism. Reporters flocked to the hearing to report to the country at large what was being done. Vituperative letters poured in, yet the testimony of ninety-nine witnesses was heard without friction and gradually the truth emerged. Some foolish ideas brought into the light died a natural death; others, more sensible, lived and were embodied in the final report.

That report—referred to usually as the Morrow Board report—provided for a five-year program that involved a harmonious adjustment. Briefly, it created a separate section of the general staff to deal with aviation and divided commercial aviation from Army or Navy aviation. Assistant secretaries in the departments of Commerce, War and Navy were to be detailed to aviation.

To help raise the morale of flying men, the name Air Service was changed to Air Corps. A flying deco-

ration was created to be bestowed in time of peace. Provision was made for aviation officers filling certain duties to have temporary rank corresponding in pay, influence and precedence to other branches of the service.

As usual, Mr. Morrow got much of his information informally. In the Washington apartment which he shared with General Harbord, he entertained aviators, committee members and army and navy officials in order to get the real facts. He recognized that it was not possible to make a permanent program for such an infant industry as aviation, but felt that the best way to meet any situation is to meet it for the moment rather than to wait too long for the ideal final solution.

Little has been heard of the aviation issue since the rulings of the Morrow Board went into effect.

CHAPTER XXIII

"The Hardest Job in the Portfolio": Ambassador to Mexico

DWIGHT MORROW was enjoying a much-needed vacation in Maine in August, 1927, when he received a letter from President Coolidge. The President was then on that historic outing in the Black Hills, South Dakota, from whence he sent his startling message to the world: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928."

The letter to Morrow was almost as surprising. It was an offer of the post of Ambassador to Mexico. Of all imaginable diplomatic tangles and mixups to invite a man into, there could then have been an unanimous national vote that Mexico stood at the top of the list. Certainly, there is no post that diplomatic careerists work harder to avoid—a fact that the President thoroughly realized. But he knew that he faced a situation and that only unusual men and unusual methods would avail.

Disappointment had followed the old Wilson policy of "watchful waiting," which only bred mutual suspicions and distrusts; the time had come to try another plan—a real effort for mutual understanding and

mutual faith. The old condition would not cure itself; there was no hope in prolonging it. The reversal had to be prompt, emphatic and sincere.

The new ambassador must be one whose experience and natural inclinations were toward reconciliation and adjustment of differences. Coolidge knew that Morrow was his man. He knew, too, that he was asking his old friend to sacrifice his career in the banking world, but he felt that a call upon Morrow's patriotism would bring the response he desired.

So instead of the usual formal tender through the State Department, President Coolidge wrote in his own hand the request that Morrow received in Maine to go to Mexico as his country's spokesman for peace and settled relations.

In a way, it was the greatest possible compliment—the President offered his friend not the easiest and most attractive job but the hardest one in his portfolio.

The first thought that flashed through Morrow's mind as he read that letter was that he must accept; there was nothing else to do. His personal friend and his President had asked him to undertake a mission; he could not say no. Yet many factors would have to be carefully and thoroughly considered before this first impulse could be followed by a final decision.

It was plain that suddenly he faced a fork on his road through life. Whichever path he now took, there could be no turning back.

But it might not be possible for him to leave his post with J. P. Morgan & Co., at short notice; he had a deep

personal interest in several movements that needed his active support; again his family must be considered. He must wait a little before deciding, and keep his own counsel meanwhile. Such matters, no matter how closely guarded, somehow creep into newspaper rumor, however. It became known that Morrow had been offered the Mexican ambassadorship, and alarmed friends began to write and telegraph.

They were concerned for him because they loved him, and they warned him that Mexico was the graveyard of ambassadors, that it was a post of worries, contentions and impossibilities. Next, they stressed what they considered the peril to his personal safety.

"Surely you won't accept?" was the massed cry from every quarter. Repeatedly, he was reminded of the tangled and intense issues of Church, Finance, Land and lesser matters that had enmeshed every ambassador—all questions that were seemingly unsolvable yet would have to be solved before any diplomat could live in Mexico peacefully. Why plunge into that vortex of perplexities and perils when it could be avoided?

The Mexican problem had baffled Presidents Harding and Wilson and was still baffling President Coolidge. Twenty years of revolution following revolution, of business chaos, and of disquieting relations between Mexico and the United States had brought no settled attitude of understanding and frank good will. Looking back on the record, future untangling seemed a hopeless task for any man to undertake. Not since 1909, when President Taft exchanged cordial greetings

with President Porfirio Diaz on the occasion of Mexico's centennial, had real good will existed.

Six months after those exchanges, Diaz disappeared into exile, and Taft handed his problem, unsolved, over to Wilson. With Wilson came the "ten tragic days" in Mexico which led us almost into war. American troops patrolled the border, and, under General Pershing, entered Mexico twice in pursuit of the elusive Villa. The World War period was next, and with it sensational revelations in the secretly coded Zimmerman note of proposals for an alliance between Germany and Mexico.

In resentment, the United States wrote lengthy diplomatic notes, even withdrew ambassadors but got nowhere. Most of the time our State Department was at an impasse with Mexico and a probable complete rupture of relations hung like a dense cloud over the two countries.

Irritation was fostered by the new Mexican zoning law prohibiting foreigners from owning property within one hundred kilometers of the frontier and fifty kilometers of the ocean coasts; by the confiscation of land without adequate compensation; by the requirement of a clause for corporations and individuals, the renouncing of rights and diplomatic appeal in the new concessions and for all property acquired by foreigners; by the existence of hundreds of unpaid claims of American citizens; by the new failure to meet payments on the foreign debt.

Then the conflict over the Catholic Church broke

out as a new complication. Catholics in the United States, naturally stirred by the closing of churches in Mexico, demanded that our governments take steps in the matter.

So ran the worrying course of events. Mexico indulged in irritations because she was confident that however much we might write letters or send ambassadors, we were not likely to resort to more drastic measures.

Yet Coolidge was urged by some of his closest advisors to do that very thing—even to the point of military demonstration. The President, however, did not believe in demonstrations that were not to be followed by action and he could not commit himself to war. Our government was then in the midst of conferences in Europe for world peace, and war with a neighbor while preaching peace to Europe was unthinkable.

Washington continued to assert the rights of our nationals, but there was no yielding by Mexico.

"Today," said Washington; *"Mañana,"* said Mexico.

Such was the unenviable situation that must be faced by the next ambassador to Mexico. It was about as bad as it could be. The man who accepted the place must risk much—reputation, certainly, perhaps life itself.

Then came the decision that was characteristic of Morrow. Every friend, without exception, disapproved of his going to Mexico because it was a difficult, almost impossible job; the same friends would have enthusi-

astically approved of his acceptance had the post been London, Paris or Berlin, with distinction and success assured in advance.

Morrow took a different point of view. He believed that no one knew the Mexican problem better than President Coolidge and he knew also that the President would not ask him to take the post unless he believed he could succeed there. He had always valued the advice of Calvin Coolidge since the days at Amherst, and was confident he would make no mistake in following it. So he notified the President that he would accept.

But aside from all that, and despite his friends' admonitions, his heart was beating riotously at the thought of a chance to get at this new and fascinating problem. His reading, his taste, his war experiences, and his entire service in law and with the Morgan firm had fitted him for diplomacy and statesmanship. Mexico was a diplomatic post exactly to his liking. He would have been out of place as a tea-drinking ambassador. What he wanted was a problem to solve. He was the ideal Ambassador of Good Will.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Ideal Ambassador of Good Will: Initial Success

PARTNERSHIP in the Morgan firm is popularly supposed to be worth a million dollars a year. That figure is, of course, surmise, but the partnership undoubtedly is one of the big financial plums of the world.

A good deal was therefore written in the newspapers about the income Morrow would abandon if he went to Mexico, but it can honestly be said that the consideration never entered his own calculations. Money-making as such has never interested him. Unbelievable as it may sound, he has, in fact, been wholly and unaffectedly indifferent to it—even afraid of it for himself and for his children. He has made money because the things he had a talent for doing happened to be profitable.

He started for Mexico with an enthusiasm unclouded by any of the apprehensions which alarmed his friends, and with a firm belief in Mexico's ultimate greatness and in the ability of the two peoples to live side by side as tolerant and helpful neighbors.

Before his departure, Morrow began in his own way to prepare for his post by reading everything

worthwhile he could find about the past of Mexico. The train that bore him to the border carried a score of books relating to the country's ecclesiastical history, old laws, by-gone regimes. Those who made the journey with him report that he devoured two thick volumes of fine print on the way down.

The books were supplemented by notes made before he left the United States on talks with people of varying points of view and varying relations with Mexico.

One of those with whom he talked was Dr. William Adams Brown of the Federal Council of Churches in America, who tells a typical Morrow story. Mr. Morrow asked Dr. Brown if there was anything his organization would especially like done in Mexico. Dr. Brown could think of nothing at the moment to suggest. And then Mr. Morrow said: "Well, *I* know *one* thing I can do for the Mexicans. I can like them."

If the Mexicans had known of this remark, it might have stilled some of their apprehensions. As it was, when the United States asked if Dwight Morrow would be acceptable as an ambassador, their feelings were mixed. It was flattering that so important a person had been selected, but they were inclined to ask what lay back of it all.

"An effort to compel payment of defaulted interest on Mexico's bonds," said the cynical. "After Morrow come the Marines."

So the Mexicans made up their minds that while they might as well accept the new ambassador, they

would, as somebody aptly put it, "keep one hand on their pocketbooks and the other on their guns."

Mr. Morrow was accompanied on his journey to Mexico by his wife, his youngest daughter, Constance, J. Reuben Clark, international lawyer, and other international experts, several of whom the Ambassador paid out of his own pocket to help him understand Mexico. He felt that he must know as much about all troublesome questions as anybody he was likely to meet.

The party reached Laredo at the border on October 21, 1927. As he entered the Laredo military post, Morrow received the ambassadorial salute from a battery. His official life had begun. After breakfast, he motored over to the Mexican side and was received by the Mexican dignitaries. Here Constance's little Scotch terrier, Daffin, decided not to go to Mexico. He started off on a beeline for the United States, and dignitaries forgot their dignity to run in pursuit. The dog was captured by a small Mexican boy and returned to his mistress.

"That dog is the only intelligent creature in this party," said a bystander on the American side.

The incident, slight as it was, promoted the general good humor, and after the arrival, Morrow's friends recorded an initial victory of personality for him.

The Mexican press was pleasant but cautious, reserving really favorable comment until the ambassador should present his credentials to the Secretary of State. By mere chance, he rode in a hired taxicab on

this occasion and the incident pleased the Mexicans. They had heard he was a millionaire, yet here he was, simply and naturally going about his business in an ordinary taxicab!

When on October 29th, he paid an official visit to President Calles and spoke briefly but emphatically of his respect for Mexican sovereignty, their hearts were further won. They especially liked the fact that he wore morning clothes (it *was* morning), instead of the formal full dress usually donned by diplomats.

Mr. Morrow had asked whether full dress was an American or a Mexican custom. The Mexicans answered that they had always supposed it to be an American custom. Certainly it was not Mexican.

"Well," decided the ambassador, "if the Mexican government doesn't mind, I shall come in clothes more appropriate to the time of day."

All this made a pleasant beginning, but only a beginning after all. The important task remained of convincing the Mexicans that not only was Morrow friendly but that he would continue friendly.

Morrow proceeded in his own way. He did not speak Spanish and had been warned again and again that in all Mexican interviews he must have on hand his own interpreter—somebody who would be able to testify later as to exactly what had been said in order that there should be no possibility of misquotation. Yet the new ambassador's early interviews with President Plutarco Elias Calles were deliberately unattended.

After the presentation of credentials, the next meet-

ing between president and ambassador was on the President's farm some miles outside the city of Mexico. It was a ham and egg breakfast which was played up in the newspapers of the United States as a genial international gesture.

The ambassador left the American Embassy at five-thirty in the morning to motor to the President's place. Another guest at the breakfast was the President's interpretor and warm friend, Jim Smithers, American business man of Mexico City. He was the only interpreter present.

After breakfast, Ambassador Morrow and the president walked about and looked over the chickens and pigs on the farm. The ambassador had no intention of bringing up international questions. He was merely trying to get acquainted.

To his surprise, the president himself spoke of several issues, especially that of oil. He was clearly anxious to discover just what would be satisfactory to the United States in the way of settlement.

And so, over the good old American homespun breakfast dish of ham and eggs, was begun the settlement of a question that had kept two peoples at odds for thirteen years and had twice brought them to the verge of war. A Supreme Court decree setting forth the validity of the oil and land titles of American citizens came on November 17th. Before the end of the year, Calles had submitted an amendment to Congress to bring the 1925 petroleum law in line with the decision.

Friends at home were exultant when this initial success was reported, but they kept their fingers crossed. It was only a question of time, they were sure, until something would break out somewhere.

Certain American residents of Mexico were even more confident that the pleasant situation could not last. They felt it their painful duty to point out slurs and slights which they said had been continually cast upon them and their nation. Quite sincerely, but most unwisely, they said things which, if they had been heeded, would have made the new ambassador's task just that much more difficult.

Luckily Mr. Morrow's family felt an interest in and a liking for the Mexicans equal to his own. Moreover, Mrs. Morrow's tact and graciousness made her generally beloved. She entertained the Mexicans, and was in turn entertained by them. And she paid no attention at all to the trouble-makers.

Once an American meddler, speaking of a certain afternoon tea at which Mrs. Morrow had been a guest, said "I suppose most of those women (meaning the Mexicans) had never before worn white gloves."

Mrs. Morrow's face froze into what her family calls its "dangerous look."

"Women who speak three languages perfectly and conduct themselves properly do not need to wear white gloves to win my interest," she remarked icily—which ended *that* discussion.

CHAPTER XXV

Lindbergh In Mexico

PERHAPS the ambassador had in mind the unfriendly attitude of some resident Americans when, at a welcoming dinner given to him and Mrs. Morrow by various American groups in Mexico City, he quoted Elihu Root's words on another occasion to Americans in Mexico: "You not only represent your own country, but you have a duty toward the country in which you live. . . . While you continue to be good loyal citizens, you should be good and loyal Mexican residents."

President Calles' confidence was won that morning on the farm, but it was strengthened a week or so later when he discovered that he and Morrow had a common interest in archeology. He found the new ambassador well-informed about the ruins at Yucatan and in other parts of Mexico, and was delighted to hear him say that he regarded them as being of as much importance to the world as those of Egypt.

Before Morrow's arrival Calles had planned a tour of Northern Mexico where irrigation and railroad construction were under way. All at once, he invited the American ambassador to go with him; the invita-

tion was promptly accepted. It was something new for Mexicans to see an American ambassador and other Americans touring with the President of Mexico!

There were Mexican cabinet ministers and army officers in the presidential party, but the man who excited the most popular interest was Will Rogers. The humorist had come to the City of Mexico as a visitor and during his stay was a guest at the American Embassy. He also, to everybody's delight, joined the tourists.

Just before Roger's arrival two presidential candidates had been shot in an uprising. When he was introduced to President Calles, the humorist immediately asked for an interpreter.

"I want everybody to get this straight right now," he explained. "Tell the President I came down here just to see the sights and have a little pleasure. I am positively not a candidate for anything!"

Calles roared with laughter.

Next morning when the party gathered for breakfast, Rogers was nowhere to be seen. After a delay, he appeared from the front platform of the private car, where has had been trying out his broken Spanish on the soldiers.

"I'm not so dumb," he announced. "I know about this country. You have to be in with the army to get along. I've been up on the front porch making myself solid with the soldiers."

"Better be careful," said Calles. "When people begin

fooling with my army they are liable to be shot at sunrise."

"That don't worry me a bit," said Rogers. "I don't get up that early."

The party visited the new Calles dam in the state of Aguas Calientes, and the Don Martin dam in Monterrey. Rogers soon had all Mexico in good humor and Morrow was received in the most friendly fashion.

"A man with a heart has come to Mexico as ambassador from the United States," one Mexican statesman said and the remark was passed from mouth to mouth with enthusiastic agreement.

It was during this trip that President Calles granted an interview to Mexican and foreign correspondents in the course of which he said: "I consider Ambassador Morrow a personal friend."

On December 14th, soon after the return of the president's party, Charles A. Lindbergh arrived in Mexico on a non-stop flight from Washington, thus completing his second great international flight and winning the heart of another nation.

Almost immediately after accepting his new post, Mr. Morrow had spoken to Lindbergh about flying to Mexico. The ambassador thought the Lindbergh visit would not only promote good will but would take the Mexicans' minds off their troubles. It did. They thought of little else, from the time the plans for the flier's coming were announced until his departure.

In advance, they gave him their impulsive Latin

hearts. After all, he was partly theirs. Were they not all Americans? When Lindbergh was delayed by a fog near Tampico, the whole country was agitated.

The hours of the delay were especially anxious for President Calles and for Ambassador and Mrs. Morrow. They waited from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon in the grandstand at Val Buena government aviation field, near Mexico City.

The president wouldn't eat and the ambassador walked up and down, up and down. The streets of Mexico City were packed, and one man had climbed to the top of the cathedral, in the Zocalo, the Central Square, and was standing on the representation of the world which topped the building, his back against the cross.

The hours dragged on, and the rumor that Lindbergh had crashed gained impetus from the fact that the president and Ambassador Morrow were seen to speak soberly and anxiously together.

Then, when hope was almost gone, two dots appeared on the horizon. One was a welcoming plane, and the other must be the *Spirit of St. Louis!*

The crowd gave a spontaneous shout: "Lindbergh, Lindbergh!"

Then in silence, almost afraid to believe their eyes, they watched the speck grow larger. As surmise grew to certainty, they went wild.

"Viva Lindy," they cried ecstatically.

Frenzied admirers surged forward as the plane came

to earth, seized Lindbergh and bore him on their shoulders to the ambassador and President Calles.

Exultant cheers and American and Mexican patriotic songs filled the air. Lindbergh rode to the American Embassy perched on the back of the seat of an open-air car, waving greetings to the crowd. He was smuggled into the Embassy office building by a garden entrance, but almost at once had to appear on a balcony in response to the demands of the people who would not go away.

As he came in sight, a man got on top of a cab and made a speech of welcome in Spanish. The Embassy thought he was an official but inquiry revealed that he was merely one of the crowd who wished to welcome the flier.

At last Lindbergh was taken to the Embassy and given scrambled eggs and bacon, which was what he had said he wanted.

For Christmas that year, the Morrows invited Colonel Lindbergh's mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, to fly to Mexico from Detroit. The Morrow children—Elisabeth, Anne and Dwight (Constance was a student at the American School in Mexico) came, too, with their cousin, Richard Scandrett, and three schoolboys, friends of Dwight Junior's—Richard Childs, Richard Bissell and William Marvell.

When the young Morrows arrived in Mexico, Lindbergh met Anne Morrow for the first time. She was then in her senior year at Smith College. Nobody in the party can remember that he paid any more atten-

tion to her at this time than he did to the other two girls. He helped trim the Embassy Christmas tree—and so did Anne, but so also did Elisabeth and Constance. There was built up, however, between the two at this time a common fund of jokes and experiences.

It was a happy Christmas, though a very crowded one for Lindbergh. Occasionally, however, he managed to slip out of his hero rôle and enjoy himself. The Embassy party chuckled over the mistake that the public and even some shrewd correspondents made when the young people appeared at the Floating Gardens in Mexico City and Dicky Bissell, also slim and blonde, was mistaken for Lindbergh. After that, Bissell and Lindbergh invariably changed hats when they went out.

CHAPTER XXVI

Making Up With Mexico

THERE are dozens of stories still afloat in Mexico about the Morrow method of tackling diplomatic problems. A young Mexican who had inherited a goat farm came to press a claim against the government. Troops had been stationed on his farm at one time, causing much damage, for which the youth wished recompense.

"Look here," said Morrow, "you're young and capable. Instead of trying to get money out of this government which has none, think of all the time you and your father before you have wasted, just waiting. If you had devoted that time to raising more goats, you'd have had the amount of your claim and more by now. Why not go home and collect from the goats?"

The young man thought a moment and recognized that he was hearing sensible advice. He went home and "collected from the goats."

There is a land question in Mexico which is full of fire and dynamite. Leaders of the revolution, which began under Madero almost twenty years ago, promised to divide all the big estates and the church lands

among the poor. Americans have hundreds of claims against the Mexican government for land taken from them under these revolutionary laws.

Morrow hired an experienced local lawyer to get the facts. Not satisfied even with this, he inspected the confiscated lands himself with members of the Mexican government. As a result, for the first time the truth was known and Morrow brought pressure to stop further land expropriations and to reëstablish confidence among farmers that they could work their lands without fear of having them taken away.

Once when somebody said to Morrow, as somebody was constantly saying: "You can't trust these Mexicans," he replied: "The late J. P. Morgan often said that he had lost more money through lack of faith in men than through faith in them; and Earl Grey, former Premier of England, in his *Memoirs* says that more trouble is caused in the world by incredulity than credulity."

He has a way of ending discussions with words like these; the other person often finds nothing to say in answer.

Mr. Morrow was the busiest man in Mexico. It was not unusual for him to get up before six and start work. Sometimes he took a walk before breakfast, his mind already busy with problems. Often, too, he worked far into the night.

The secret of his successful diplomacy was that he actually wanted to steer the Mexicans into prosperity. Their problems absorbed him.

In the first year of his ambassadorship, a friend went from New York to Mexico to see him about an important issue which had nothing to do with Mexico. The visitor was in Mexico City five days before he got a chance even to discuss the subject he had come so far to talk about.

Every time he meant to speak of it, an abstracted look would spread over the ambassador's face and he would begin eager talk about Mexico. Moreover, he made the country and all that concerned it so interesting that the visitor almost lost sight of his own mission.

A proof of his real affection for the country was Morrow's act in buying a home in Cuernavaca, an ancient village two hours by motor from Mexico City and twenty-five hundred feet lower in altitude. Immediately he added to his absorption in Mexico's economic and social problems an eager interest in her arts and mode of living. The Cuernavaca house was built of adobe by a native mason under Mr. and Mrs. Morrow's personal direction, and furnished throughout with Mexican products. The chairs and tables were built in Cuernavaca and Mexico City. Serapes and lovely old lacquered trays hung on the walls. The family and their guests ate off bright-colored pottery.

"Isn't this the loveliest stuff you've ever seen?" Morrow, holding up an orange pottery cup or a vivid-hued piece of glass such as the peasants use, would demand of Mexican visitors gathered around the table in the outdoor dining patio. The visitors might be connoisseurs and possessors of age-old, priceless glass

and dishes of their own but they were invariably delighted at the ambassador's enthusiasm for Mexican native work.

"Don't try to hammer the price down," Mr. Morrow cautioned, when instructing Colonel McNabb, one of his aides, to buy a number of rugs in a small Indian village. "Those people work hard for that money."

He was equally interested with Mrs. Morrow in the construction of the Cuernavaca house. The two laid many of the tiles themselves and with Pancho, the Indian mason, were constantly contriving new built-in effects such as shelves and cupboards. These were achieved with the aid of pictures which Mr. Morrow cut from magazines and Pancho copied with his axe and a few nails. Mr. Morrow was fond of pointing out Pancho's ability as an example of Mexican cleverness, and Mrs. Morrow called him her favorite architect for he never objected to anything she suggested. His only answer whenever something new was proposed was to shrug his shoulders and murmur "Why not?"

Cuernavaca has six gardens at different levels filled with fountains and brilliant, fragrant tropical foliage —climbing heliotrope, geraniums, hibiscus, plumbago, bougainvillea. The house is in a narrow alley with slums opposite. To enter, one knocks on a door in a blank wall.

The ambassador found Cuernavaca very useful for relaxation and as a place to entertain guests who could tell him more about Mexico. It was entirely remote

and peaceful. There was not even a telephone to connect with the outside world.

The great Mexican problems were discussed here by many who had first-hand knowledge. Among others came the Mexican Secretary of the Treasury and to him Mr. Morrow made clear one point that had at first concerned the Mexicans. The American ambassador had *not* come to Mexico with any idea of helping to collect money due to foreign banking houses.

This mistaken impression had been given weight by the fact that Thomas W. Lamont, one of Morrow's former partners, was chairman of the Mexican bondholders' committee, consising of twenty-odd bankers with whom had been deposited bonds held by Mexican creditors throughout the world. The purpose of the committee had been to work out with the Mexican government a plan for financial rehabilitation which would enable those who had invested in Mexican bonds to get some return on their money. But Mr. Morrow's ideas about this rehabilitation did not always agree with the committee's.

The ultimate goal of Mr. Morrow's policy was for Mexico to arrive at a status where it could meet its obligations—internal as well as foreign, and internal first of all. He did not, for instance, think it fair to take money owing to school teachers and public servants to pay interest on Mexican bonds held by foreigners. He said so in no uncertain terms, remembering his childhood as a school teacher's son and

what the monthly pay check had meant in the household of his father.

He believed also that there should be money for road building, schools, and industrial and agricultural development inside the country. The ambassador's frankness and his desire to help as well as his grasp of financial problems led the Mexicans to accept his advice, and they have since stated that he did no greater service for them than in co-operating with them in their financial problems.

By strict economy, Mexico now meets all current expenses and finishes with a surplus in the treasury. In addition, the government paid the expenses attending the costly revolt of 1929, for the first time in its history out of current funds, and was able to pay cash for war supplies bought of the United States. The only new bonded obligations have been for expropriated lands.

CHAPTER XXVII

Settling Mexico's Religious Problems

THE church issue was of course the most serious peril that Mexico faced in all its revolutions. This problem reached its climax just before Mr. Morrow took up his post as ambassador. There had been an unsuccessful attempt on the life of General Obregon—former president and a candidate for election again. Four suspects, including a beloved priest, Father Pro, had been arrested, and, without public trial, declared guilty and executed. This was only one of the many incidents following the suspension of services in Catholic churches because of the refusal of priests to register in accordance with the Constitution of 1917, defining for the first time the powers of the State in relation to the Church.

That constitution also confirmed the nationalization of all real estate owned by the Church and denied the right of religious organizations to hold real estate. Nine years had elapsed without serious attempt to enforce these provisions, but the effort was finally made and plunged Mexico into a serious situation.

In effect, the government sought to control the Church by asserting the right through compulsory

registration, to control who should or should not preach. Unless registered, no priest or minister could occupy a pulpit, and only a certain number were to be registered.

Every Catholic priest refused in 1926 to register, and as a result all Catholic churches were closed. Some of the clergy were ordered out of Mexico; others left of their own volition.

Back of the conflict was the seventy-year-old belief of the State that the Church had been the ally of foreign conquerors and feudal landlords.

Walter Lippmann, writing in *Foreign Affairs,* ably expressed the position of the Church at this time when he said:

> "The Reformation apparently made no impression whatever upon Mexico. Ideas of the French Revolution made none upon the upper classes. In their social outlook they assumed feudal order was part of the order of things. They could not conceive of a righteous society in which the Church was not the dominant power.
>
> "Believing this was the proper order of human society, the clergy had resisted all popular movements at all times, and they persuaded themselves that popular leaders from Juarez to Calles were lieutenants of Satan."

Here was a situation to tax any man's capacity for settlements; the tense feeling of the people and the

determination of the government made civil war seem inevitable.

In the face of the difficulties, Ambassador Morrow, aided by George Rublee, undertook a reconciliation. Most of the negotiations were secret. Father John J. Burke, general secretary of the Catholic Welfare Conference, began conferences with Morrow and Rublee. Father Burke admitted that there was nothing in canon law making registration under civil law impossible. The fear of the Church was that the government would either assert the right not to register priests designated by the ecclesiastical authorities or would register those not approved by the Church.

Mr. Morrow seized upon these points. His task was to convince the government that the clergy would dissociate themselves from counter-revolutions and foreign intervention in return for certain assurances; and on the other hand, to convince the clergy that while they could not have back their historic privileges, they might, if they acknowledged the social revolution, recover the essential liberties of the Church.

The settlement of the oil controversy helped in the Church negotiations for it convinced the government that the United States was not going to intervene and proved to rebels that they could not have outside help against the government.

Within two weeks after announcement of this settlement, President Calles and Father Burke met secretly and amicably at Vera Cruz.

Soon afterwards, a secret meeting of exiled bishops

in San Antonio, Texas, resulted in a vote to return to Mexico and resume their offices on conditions approved by the Holy See.

At a public festival in the same month, the Minister of Education, representing the government, announced that it was "false that it (the government) is trying to tear down from Mexican hearts the belief that they have had for many centuries back."

President Calles again conferred with Father Burke and there was an interchange of letters between the President and the Archbishop of Mexico, Ruiz, which resulted in the Archbishop being called to Rome. Morrow was everywhere, unobtrusively advising, guiding, even writing notes. A settlement seemed imminent, but then came the assassination of General Obregon, president-elect, on July 16, 1928, which threw all again into confusion. Wild accusations were made and Calles himself was charged in the Mexican press with Obregon's murder.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. Both sides showed their faith in Morrow by listening to him in these wild times. Moreover, they believed what he said and grew calmer.

Throughout events which included inauguration of the new provisional president, Portes Gil, and the military rebellion which followed, Morrow went resolutely ahead with conferences that had conciliation for their purpose. He was compelled to work secretly and to ignore silently attacks from many who did not understand what he was trying to do. To have ex-

plained then would have destroyed his usefulness. Many doubted, but those who knew trusted him. At one time there were five factions in Mexico City, each speaking to Morrow and not one to any of the other four.

An agreement was reached on June 21, 1929; Portes Gil and Archbishop Ruiz each made statements; worship was resumed in the churches and amnesty accorded to Catholic prisoners and to those still in the field who would surrender their arms.

The President stated that it was not the purpose of the government "to destroy the identity of the Catholic Church nor of any other, nor to interfere in any way with its spiritual function," and added that certain provisions of the law had been misunderstood. The government, he pointed out, could not "register those who have not been named by the hierarchical superior of the religious creed in question or in accordance with its regulations." Religious instruction, he promised, might be given "within church confines," and the clergy would have the constitutional right to petition for the amendment, repeal or passage of any law.

Archbishop Ruiz stated that in consequence of the President's statement, "the Mexican clergy would resume religious services pursuant to the laws in force."

Each side felt good about the settlement for each had won something. The Church came back to obey the laws which had been interpreted by the government in a more moderate way than had been expected.

Mrs. Morrow was with Mr. Morrow during all the

agitation attending the settlement. Ugly and even threatening posters were thrown over the garden walls of the Embassy, but the Morrows were made of good stuff. They never showed the white feather and in fact constantly minimized the seriousness of disturbances.

After the settlement, the ambassador found that he had won other hearts, even some that had seemed impregnably fortified against him. The day after publication of the Government and Church statements, a member of one of the proudest old families in Mexico came personally to express gratitude for the settlement. Letters and telegrams poured in.

At the solemn and grateful first masses, many priests asked prayers for that "good man who had brought the settlement about." If Morrow's popularity had been great before, it was now almost overwhelming. But even before the settlement, he had been honored by communities in a way never before seen.

He was made, for instance, friend brother, and honorary headman of a tribe of Zapotecan Indians in the tropics. He was named honorary mayor of the town of Tule, where grows the gigantic cypress tree, considered the oldest living thing on earth, probably already 3,000 years old when Columbus landed.

He was also named honorary mayor of Mitla, where he visited the ruins of a civilization gone and forgotten unknown ages ago. Oaxaca, Puebla and many other towns and hamlets conferred honorary citizenship upon him. The Mexicans greeted him affectionately

with "Viva Meester Morrow" everywhere he went and his family was just as popular.

Elisabeth Morrow, in the third year of her father's ambassadorship, asked for a position in the Government School and got it. She taught English to twenty boys and twenty-one girls for the Fall term. On her last day at the school, she asked the children to bring their parents to say good-bye. It was a touching scene. The children swarmed about her and threw their arms about her neck. The parents kissed her hands and thanked her in emotional Spanish for her goodness.

Always the Morrow tact was in evidence. Perhaps nowhere was it more clearly shown than when the ambassador radioed an invitation from Mexico City to the people of his own state, New Jersey, to become acquainted in person with the attractions of the country south of us. He spoke of the charm of a nation which has the oldest civilization upon the North American continent, which received European immigrants 100 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, which has a university 100 years older than Harvard.

Will Rogers once said that when Morrow went to Mexico, President Coolidge's only instructions to his new ambassador were: "Dwight, don't jump on Mexico. Just keep Mexico from jumping on us."

These instructions, it may fairly be said, the new ambassador fully followed.

All during the early part of Morrow's ambassadorship, the Morrow-Lindbergh romance was engaging the attention of the world. For a considerable time,

the young people's closest relatives were as much at sea as everybody else about the real feeling of the two, for both were shy and in love for the first time. Besides, much of the courting was conducted in the air!

After her first meeting with Colonel Lindbergh at the American Embassy in Mexico City, Miss Morrow returned to Smith College and in the spring of 1928 was graduated with honors. Afterwards she returned to Englewood where Lindbergh became a frequent visitor at the Morrow home.

In the Fall, Anne went to Mexico, and Lindbergh flew down, ostensibly for a hunting trip. He had his hunting, but he also began to teach Anne to fly. That started rumors aplenty of romance.

The Morrow family came up from Mexico that year to spend Christmas at the new home in Englewood and after Christmas Miss Morrow went to Nassau and the Bahamas with her father and mother, then to Cleveland to visit her grandmother.

The engagement was announced in February, when Anne arrived in Mexico City with her mother. Colonel Lindbergh made two visits to Mexico during the spring and on May 27th, the two were quietly married at the Morrow home in Englewood, in the presence of their immediate families.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Human Morrow

WHAT manner of man is Dwight Morrow? Appraised in the light of his heritage, his efforts and his accomplishments, he seems at first a typical American success story, a veritable Horatio Alger hero.

He came, as an American hero must, from a humble home, of poor parents. Almost unaided, he obtained for himself an education and a start in life. He had to do everything for himself, and he became a rich man. But this is only one side of the picture and the least important.

What Morrow earnestly has sought from the first is not wealth, but work that will absorb all his energies. What he has desired above all else is the power to understand. He is ever seeking to know.

Intellectually, he is incurably curious and once his mind fastens upon a problem, nothing diverts him until he has worked it out.

By the accident, partly of birth and breeding, partly of training, Morrow turned his forces to the public good. That, in a way is as incidental as that his particular mental equipment created situations in which he made money for himself.

The truth is that Morrow is a scholar and a thinker who has become successively lawyer, banker, statesman. In each of these positions, he has developed further the "trouble-shooter" phase of his character—that unique ability of his to bring individuals, groups and even nations into agreement. This ability is his great contribution to any project.

"Perhaps there are five other men in the country who may be named in the same breath with Dwight Morrow as an arbitrator, but I do not know who they are," said one of America's leading students of public affairs.

Morrow invariably demonstrates an uncanny ability to catch belligerents in their moments of sanity and reconcile them to the best interests of all before anybody is aware what he is doing.

Instead of trying to prove that his opponent is wholly wrong, he adopts the saner method of promptly accepting and endorsing the part that is right. After such fair treatment, the opponent usually finds himself ready to look at Morrow's own side sympathetically.

And Morrow is an adept at presenting his side. He does not argue, he does not hammer on the table. In fact, he never gets excited. But he drives home every point in a way that never fails to convince.

He is chiefly concerned with ideas. He wants to know what is being aimed at and what are the principles that motivate an act.

"If we would stop talking about the causes of war and try to find out more about the causes of one particular

war, we might in time learn something of value," he once said.

Being the true scholar, he is not the believing type, does not fall for bombast and is, indeed, closest to the English rationalists of the eighteenth century. He would have been comfortable with Locke, Voltaire and Bolingbroke; has the hard practical sense of an Adam Smith.

He grasps essentials by the extraordinary gift of that mental concentration which he learned when he studied with his brother and sisters around the lamp in their West Virginia home. This habit of concentration accounts for the many stories of abstraction that his friends love to tell.

A favorite relates how on a particularly busy day he rang for Arthur Springer, his secretary, who responded and stood by the desk waiting. Morrow suddenly looked up, and said, "Will you please ask Mr. Springer to come in?" The secretary circled around the desk and stood again, waiting. Finally Morrow looked up at him. "Oh, Springer," he said, "will you please write all that down for me?"

Morrow is never absent-minded in the sense that he misses appointments or fails to carry out his duties, but he is always absorbed by the particular problem he is working on at the moment and has the ability to shut everything else completely out of his mind until he reaches a solution.

One of the most delightful of these stories of abstraction is told by Tom Cochran, who was associated with

Morrow in the J. P. Morgan firm. Cochran is more than six feet tall, and built to match his height; Morrow is short and slight.

"We were dressing for dinner in the same room at the University Club," Cochran relates, "and Dwight got interested in something he was telling me. In his absorption, he began to put on my clothes instead of his own. He had on the shirt before I noticed him and then I let him go ahead just to see how long it would be before he'd realize what he was doing. The sleeves of the shirt hung over his hands but he never seemed to know it. He put on the trousers, vest, and finally the coat. At that point, he looked down in a puzzled way, for his hands had completely vanished. When I burst out laughing, he laughed, too, enjoying the joke as much as I did."

President Coolidge, speaking of Morrow, referred to the fact that "the frivolous said" that sometimes when he boarded a train, he was thinking so much of others and so little of himself that he often forgot where he was going. "But," added Mr. Coolidge, "he always arrives!"

Sometimes Morrow turns the tables when his friends goad him too far. Seward Prosser was once toastmaster at a dinner at which Morrow spoke. In his introduction Mr. Prosser told the most famous of the "abstraction" stories. He said that Mr. Morrow got on a train and when the conductor came round, could not find his ticket. The conductor, who knew him, said: "That'll be all right, Mr. Morrow." But Morrow

went on hunting. The conductor said again, "Don't bother, Mr. Morrow;" and Mr. Morrow answered "I must find that ticket. You see it's got the name of my destination on it and I've got to find out where I'm going."

When Mr. Morrow got up to speak after this introduction, he said that Mr. Prosser's story reminded him of a Scotchman who got into a predicament similar to the one which Mr. Prosser had described. The conductor came and the Scotchman hunted everywhere for his ticket—in his bag, in every pocket, even under the seat. Neighbors joined in and finally one of them said: "Why, there it is in your mouth!"

The Scotchman looked foolish, picked the ticket out, the conductor took it and went about his business. Neighboring passengers were laughing at the thought of the dumb Scotchman but when the conductor was safely out of earshot, that canny gentleman turned to them and said: "I'm nae sae dumb as ye think. I was lickin' the date off."

CHAPTER XXIX

The Cause of Understanding

IN SPITE of the many kinds of public work he has been called upon to undertake, Dwight Morrow has never been classed as a reformer in the usual meaning of that term. That is because he has the ability to coöperate with all points of view and is never arbitrary. Also, he often does the job and lets credit go where it will.

"The world is divided into people who do things and those who get the credit," he once told his son. "Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's less competition."

The Morrow home is a meeting place for all sorts of people who never meet anywhere else. You will find reporters, English labor leaders, lawyers, national and state legislators, heads of social settlements, college professors, business men and bankers mixed higgledy-piggledy.

A friend was surprised one day to see Morrow at the annual meeting of an organization interested in the study of political economy. He was the center of a circle of men and women who obviously respected him, and appreciated his presence with them.

It's never been said of the ambassador that he has ever changed his friends because of his prosperity. The old fellow who drives a taxi from the Fort Lee ferry, and formerly drove the horse-car from the same ferry, calls him Dwight as in other years, and takes a friendly interest in all the family happenings.

No matter how busy Morrow is, nor how important the business in which he is engaged, any man who went to Amherst with him is always assured of a welcome in his office and of any amount of his time.

As a matter of fact, Morrow has a genius for friendship. Men in every walk of life speak of him tenderly, almost emotionally.

"When I thought of the darned little cuss down in Mexico and being shot at by bandits, I just couldn't stand it," the head of a big banking institution said.

In the Morrow home, one is impressed with the fact that, by all the Morrows, money is subordinated to other values. It always remains out of the picture—a tool for obtaining ends that seem important at certain moments. There is never any sign of display. The Morrow children were carefully taught to know the value of money. They have learned that they must choose between this or that thing that they want and keep always within their allowance.

Dwight Morrow has many opinions that separate him widely from the average rich man.

He appeared before the New Jersey joint Senate and Assembly Committee in Trenton in behalf of the

Workmen's Compensation Act and was instrumental in getting it passed.

He is a staunch proponent of high inheritance taxes because he believes that to inherit too much money injures children.

An address which typifies his feeling in this regard was that which he made to the alumni of the University of Pennsylvania. He said:

> "You heretofore have been inheritors. Now you are about to become founders. You should be grateful to the University for the priceless privilege of changing your status. What happens to families and communities and races that merely live in houses built for them? It is the oldest tragedy in history—repeated over and over again. The man of courage and vision engages in great enterprises. He sacrifices his sleep and pleasures to make his dreams come true. All men and all elements seem to serve him. But the baggage that he leaves his child soon slips away if that child has been deprived of the benefit of making his own sacrifices. A strong young race, trained in the desert, led by a pillar of fire, breaks into a rich and fertile country, walled cities fall down before them; ten of them can chase a thousand. This same race lives but a little in the fertile country, dwelling in cities they did not build, eating of vineyards that they did not plant, and the sound of a driven leaf shall chase them."

Morrow never lets anybody get a wrong idea about his beginnings. Somebody spoke to him of a Morrow in history who gave away a diamond-studded miniature, and asked if it was one of his ancestors. Mr. Morrow replied that, in the first place, his ancestors had never owned diamond-studded miniatures and in the second place, if they had, they never would have given any away!

He has never cared much for family trees because he says you are likely, if you go back far enough, to find an ancestor hanging on one of the limbs.

Morrow is an inveterate reader and has a seasoned knowledge of the most astonishingly varied subjects. Few men know so much about our history from the days of Constitution-making and few Englishmen know more about English history. The formation of governments particularly interests him. He reads with amazing rapidity yet digests as he goes. In Mexico one bit of reading was five volumes of Creighton's HISTORY OF THE PAPACY. During the war, when Congress was wrangling over ships and ammunition, he pointed to a history of Assyria on his desk and said to a friend: "Read that and you'll see how unimportant the wrangles in Congress are."

Men have made certain public estimates of Morrow which, even allowing for the usual tendency to overstatement on such occasions, are interesting.

President Angell, of Yale, in conferring a degree said to him:

> "As a public spirited citizen, always identified with highest ideals of service, ever ready to put at your country's disposal talents of extraordinary power, Yale sees in you a type of unselfish and devoted loyalty which she delights to honor, and in testimony thereof she confers upon you the degree of doctor of laws and admits you to all its rights and privileges."

In presenting him for the degree of Doctor of Laws at Princeton, Dean West summed up his life: "It is the story of a quick, deep and resolute mind, well-trained to sound judgment and straight action."

Certain quotations from his own sayings reveal the man even more clearly.

For instance: "One of the sagest sayings in history occurs in the 'Phaedrus' when Plato has Socrates say, 'May I esteem the wise men alone to be rich.' "

And these as representing his tolerant, hopeful view of humanity:

"It cannot be asserted that sentiment plays no part in our investments. It does. Many men in this country bought German bonds, after the successful launching of the Dawes Plan, not only because the interest rate was attractive and the principal seemed secure but because they felt that they were thus associating them-

selves in a fine venture to help Europe back on her feet."

Or: "If facts can be properly gathered and properly distributed the presumption is strong that men in different nations will understand each other. Men want to understand each other. That is the great quest of life."

CHAPTER XXX

Honored by the Governor and the People of New Jersey

MORROW is not, praise heaven, a self-conscious phrase-maker, but friends who at various times approach him for advice on personal matters or to ask his opinion of public questions obtain crisp, sane responses that go straight to the point. He is never smart, tricky or evasive.

"Look at what you do today in the light of where it will put you in ten years," he once said to a young employe.

"You do not always get ahead by working overtime," he told another ambitious youth. "If you think of it intelligently, you will see that much of your future value to your firm depends upon how well you preserve your vitality and fitness. If you work late every night and over all the week-ends, you will lose your best asset."

Another time, he said: "Our belief in democracy rests upon a faith in what humanity may become as well as upon a frank recognition of what humanity is."

Again: "Investors who buy foreign bonds are in a position to appreciate what a fruitless remedy for

breach of contract war is. . . . Is there any one who thinks that if a man owes him money and cannot pay it, there is profit in going out and killing the debtor?"

To a class at Yale, he urged: "Try and get a contemplative insight because without it your whole life will be a bungling and a futile thing. Begin to understand what it is all about. Get wisdom because wisdom is the principal thing. Get understanding, and when 'thou goest thy steps shall not be straitened, and if thou runnest thou shall not stumble'!"

In these few sentences, he has summed up the entire drift of his own life. Wisdom to him has always been the "principal thing." Without understanding, the lives not alone of individuals but of nations are full of strife and pitfalls. Morrow has desired understanding for himself primarily. He has helped the cause of understanding in the world.

Every change that he has made in his own life, every public mission that he has accepted has been clearly connected with this quest of his. As lawyer, banker and diplomat, this has been his guiding principle.

In his law office, he straightened the tangled lives of individuals, the involved complexities of corporations. As a banker, he undid the financial tangles of nations. As a diplomat, he had to deal with that most delicate and difficult problem of the diplomatic relations between his own and another country.

A fourth chapter in Dwight Morrow's life began in November, 1929, with the ringing of the telephone at the American Embassy in Mexico City.

Morrow was deep in his day's work—Mexican problems occupied him to the exclusion of all else. He picked up the telephone, his mind still on the paper he had been studying.

Trenton was calling, the operator said—Trenton, New Jersey. "Governor Larson to speak to Ambassador Morrow," a voice announced, and then the governor was on the wire.

"I want to name you for Senator from New Jersey," the distant voice said.

"What's that?" came back the astonished reply from Mexico. "There must be a mistake here."

But there was no mistake.

"You are the man I mean," the governor insisted.

The ambassador said his job was in Mexico. Besides, he had been appointed by President Hoover a delegate to the Naval Disarmament Conference in London. Governor Larson said he knew all that but the senatorial appointment could await his return from London.

Ambassador Morrow asked for ten days to think it over. The time was granted. He thought—and finally he accepted.

When he sailed from New York with the other delegates to the Naval Conference on January 10th, it was understood that he would return to fill out a term in the United States Senate and then become a candidate for election to the office of senator.

There have been three crowded chapters in his life story—as lawyer, banker, diplomat.

The political chapter is just beginning. History was

made by it when Morrow delivered in New Jersey the opening speech in his campaign for the Republican nomination which he eventually won. That speech set forth frankly and forcibly Morrow's views on prohibition.

Some of his friends had wanted him to soft-pedal his sentiments. They feared such plainspeaking might give offense. Morrow, however, would not soft-pedal.

"I shall say what I believe," he insisted, stubbornly. "If the people of New Jersey do not approve, then I must lose the nomination."

But he did not lose the nomination and not only the people of New Jersey but of the nation applauded him.

The political chapter is still to be finished. Reference to the past is the only available guide as to how it will end.

Of that guide, Morrow himself once said in speaking to a class of college students:

> "Men go from one task to another in life because their fellow men think they have done the previous task well. This may very often result in getting a man in the wrong place. But I do not know of any other rule that would work as well. Until men are given some magical power of accurately foreseeing the future, they must continue to ask when entrusting responsibility to others, not what does this man promise to do, but what has he already done?"

CHAPTER XXXI

*Prohibition, a Problem in Government**

MEN and women
of New Jersey:

I come before the Republican voters of New Jersey as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of United States Senator. Upon the resignation of Senator Edge I was tendered the appointment to the United States Senate by the Governor of the State, in whom rests the power to fill vacancies in the State's representation in the Senate until the voters have had an opportunity to declare their choice. The work in Mexico and the protracted session of the Naval Arms Conference in London made it impossible for me to accept the position by appointment. I had, however, signified my willingness to stand before the voters. Therefore, I am here tonight.

I am sensible of the great honor of being asked to submit my name to the Republican voters as a candidate for the nomination to the United States Senate. To those of you who have joined in asking me, I express my hearty thanks. The United States Senate

* Mr. Morrow's opening speech in the campaign for the Republican nomination.

may fairly be looked upon as the most important deliberative assembly in this country. Its members represent severally the States which send them to the Senate. Its members represent collectively the whole United States in some of the most important functions that the Government has to perform. Any man might well shrink from accepting so heavy a responsibility. Even more might he shrink from putting himself in a position where he goes before the voters and asks for the office.

It is, however, an essential part of the working of democratic government that public officials shall be elected. Public elections involve candidates. Public candidacy involves discussion and controversy. This is a great advantage. It gives the candidate the opportunity to meet face to face the ultimate authority in the country; the people who vote. It gives him an opportunity to discuss with them those public questions which affect their lives and presumably their votes. I welcome that opportunity.

I stand as a candidate for the Republican nomination. I have been a member of the Republican party since I became a voter. Despite all criticisms of party government, we have found no way of making democratic government function without party machinery and party responsibility. A man who accepts a party nomination accepts the general obligations of the party. This does not mean that he shall follow party blindly, but it does mean that he shall try to coöperate with his party colleagues to put through party programs and that he should depart from his party only where his

conscience compels him to believe that his party is wrong. The statement of such a principle will be readily accepted. The application of the principle is, and always will be, difficult.

It has been suggested that if I am nominated and elected to the United States Senate I shall be under some special obligation to certain political leaders in cities or counties of this State. If I am elected to the Senate my only obligation will run to the voters of the State and to my own conscience. I am aware that in connection with the administration of public office within the State of New Jersey there have been criticisms of public acts and even charges of criminal conduct. Some of these charges are made against Republicans, and some of them are made against Democrats. Some of them are made against one faction of a party, and some against another. I have confidence in the administration of justice in this State and believe that any man who is charged with malfeasance or misfeasance in office, to whatever party or faction he may belong, can and will be brought to book in the courts. I accept no man's support on the theory that my election to the Senate puts me in the position of protecting him from full responsibility to the State for any alleged crimes or from full responsibility to the people for any of his political acts. If nominated and elected I will be responsible to the people.

What is the responsibility of a representative to the people? It is not to make specific pledges upon every question that can come before the United States Senate

in a six-year term. No man, be he a candidate or voter, is wise enough to say what those questions will be. Nor could any man desirous of performing his duty fetter himself with a mass of pledges upon questions that might come up under circumstances different from those existing at the time he makes the pledge. In the nature of things, a representative of this State to be a true representative of the permanent interests of the people of the State should have a large degree of freedom. He owes to the people his best. They are entitled to know his views upon fundamental governmental policies; but they could not, if they would, make a representative of 4,000,000 people a mere recording mechanism. The constituency may properly demand of its representative that he be a public servant, but they would and should despise him if he agreed to become a slave.

I hope to have the opportunity during the next few weeks to discuss with the voters of New Jersey some of the more important questions which may come before the United States Senate within the next six years. Tonight I am going to discuss Prohibition. It is a question that has agitated the public mind for several years. It is a question seldom discussed dispassionately. It is a question which constantly confuses moral principles with the art of government.

The control of liquor has for a long time been one of the difficult problems of all governments. There are people who believe that the prohibition of intoxicating liquors under any circumstances by any govern-

ment, is an infringement of the right of the individual to lead his own life in his own way. I do not share that view. It has been generally recognized that all governments have the right to protect a man against his own propensities if the injury to the community is sufficient to warrant the interference with individual liberty. The prohibition movement is a recognition of this principle. It is not a new movement. In our own country, prohibition laws go back to our Colonial days. As far back as 1846 Maine adopted a State prohibition law. As long ago as 1880 Kansas provided by constitutional amendment for prohibition within that State. In the generation that followed seven more States were added to the prohibition list, making nine States which by 1914 had adopted this method of dealing with the liquor problem. At the time the Congress submitted to the several States the 18th Amendment to the Federal Constitution half of the States of the Union had already adopted state-wide prohibition. While ratification of the proposed amendment was proceeding several more States adopted prohibition. The liquor business has been for centuries one of those businesses in the conduct of which the Government has a direct interest which warrants it in putting restrictions upon the personal liberty of individuals.

How much restriction it is wise to put on individual liberty is a question about which there has been and will be great difference of opinion. The habits and character of the people, the size of the community,

the extent of the participation of the people in the exercise of their political rights, are all important factors in the determination of how far a community can go in restricting individual liberty for community good.

It is not my purpose to discuss in general the merits of prohibition as a policy. That, as I conceive it, is not the issue. The issue is whether it is practicable and in the public interest to apply that policy to the United States as a whole through the agency of the Federal Government. It is a problem in government.

The peculiar characteristic of the Government of the United States is its Federal form. Under that form of Government we look to our several States to perform certain governmental functions and to our Federal Government to perform other governmental functions. Prior to 1919 it was the State governments that bore the principal responsibility for dealing with the liquor question. It was the State government that determined the question as to what amount of interference with individual liberty for the good of the community was morally justified and practically possible. Such functions as rested upon the Federal Government in connection with the liquor question were related to the exercise of its powers over foreign and interstate commerce and its system of taxation.

If the several states of the Union had been wholly independent they would have had control of their own frontiers. They would have had complete authority and power to determine what should and what should not be imported into their territory. When a state

had decided to prohibit intoxicating liquors it could have forbidden the importation of liquors and could have enforced its prohibition by policing its borders. Under our form of government, however, the several states did not have this authority. They have no power under the Constitution to prevent the importation into their territory of property lawfully moving in interstate commerce.

In 1847 the Supreme Court decided the famous license cases which held valid certain State laws passed for the purpose of discouraging the use of ardent spirits within their respective territories by prohibiting their sale in small quantities without a license previously obtained from the State authorities.[1] In 1890, however, the Supreme Court decided that a State could not prevent the importation of intoxicating liquor from another State and its sale in the original package in which imported.[2] Under this decision an Illinois brewery was protected in selling beer in a portion of the State of Iowa despite the local laws of that State.

To remedy this situation, Congress immediately passed the Wilson Original Package Act of 1890,[3] which permitted a State to punish a sale within its territory of intoxicating liquor imported in interstate commerce even though sold in the original package. The Supreme Court held that this law was constitutional and prohibited the agent of a Missouri brewery

[1] 46 U. S. 504.
[2] 135 U. S. 100.
[3] 26 Stat. 313.

from selling its beer in Kansas.[1] But in 1912 the Court decided that the Wilson Act did not permit a State to prevent importation when the liquors were not sold but were used by the person importing them. Under this decision a railroad company was required to receive and ship beer from Illinois for consumption in Kentucky which had prohibited liquor under a local option law.[2]

To meet this new situation Congress immediately passed the Webb-Kenyon Act of 1913.[3] The effect of this Act was to strip from intoxicating liquors all protection which their movement in interstate commerce might possibly give them and make such liquors in all respects subject to State prohibition. The Supreme Court sustained the constitutionality of this law and refused to compel a railroad to carry liquor for personal use from Maryland into West Virginia contrary to the provisions of the statutes of the latter State.[4]

The Webb-Kenyon Act, however, did not provide for any federal enforcement. It simply divested intoxicating liquors of their inter-state character and permitted the states to take such action against them as they might choose. In 1917 an affirmative policy of Federal coöperation was adopted. By the Reed amendment to the Postal Act of that year,[5] Congress made it an offense against the United States, punishable by

[1] 140 U. S. 545.
[2] 223 U. S. 70.
[3] 37 Stat. 699.
[4] 242 U. S. 311.
[5] 39 Stat. 1069.

fine or imprisonment, to cause intoxicating liquors to be imported into any State the laws of which prohibited their manufacture or sale. The Supreme Court sustained the constitutionality of this law and gave it the widest interpretation.[1]

The Reed amendment was passed March 3, 1917, to be effective July 1, 1917. The joint resolution proposing the 18th amendment to the Constitution of the United States was introduced into the Senate on April 4, 1917, passed the Senate on August 1, 1917, passed the House on December 17, 1917, and was signed by the President on December 18, 1917. In other words the 18th amendment was proposed to the States before the country had had any experience whatever as to the effectiveness of the Reed amendment as a step toward affording federal aid in the enforcement of the laws of those states which chose to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The historic fact stands out clearly that the country has had no real experience of control by the States of their own internal policy with respect to the liquor problem, supported by affirmative coöperative protection and assistance of the Federal Government in the Federal field.

National prohibition went into effect throughout the whole United States on July 1, 1919, by a special war-time act of Congress, and was continued after January 17, 1920, under the power conferred on Congress by the Eighteenth Amendment. We have now had ten years of experience by which to judge the new policy.

[1] 248 U. S. 420; 252 U. S. 465.

Bear in mind that we had proceeded in this country for 130 years under the theory and the practice that the several States of the Union were the governments which directly touched the lives of the people. It was the States which had such organization as existed for the administration of criminal law in general. It was the States that had built up police forces which made enforcement of local criminal law possible. Federal criminal laws dealt with those acts that had been made offenses in the domain which belonged to the Federal Government, such as violation of the laws dealing with the customs, with internal revenue, with interstate commerce, with Federal property, with coinage and with the mails. The Federal police force necessary to deal with such federal crimes was very small. With the coming into force of the Prohibition Amendment, however, a vast new criminal jurisdiction was assumed by the Federal Government. This involved not only an organization of a new police force but—what is even more important—it involved a new attitude of the people toward their Federal Government and of the Federal Government toward the people.

The extremely delicate and sensitive problem of interference with the individual liberty of a man for the sake of the social good of the community was thereafter dealt with not in terms of local communities, but in terms of a mighty nation of 125,000,000 people, with great climatic, racial and social divergences.

What have we learned from our ten years' experience? In many States, where it is in accord with

prevailing popular sentiment, national prohibition is generally believed to be successful. It is successful because of the active coöperation of the people and their officials. In other States, including those with the greatest populations, the system works badly because the people and their officials do not coöperate with the Federal agents, and the Federal agents alone are not able to exercise effective control. In some States there exists resentment against the attempt to impose a control which the prevailing conscience of the people does not accept. Is it well that large portions of our people should conceive of the Federal Government as an alien and even a hostile power? Is it well to have as a result a lawless, unregulated liquor traffic, attended by a shocking corruption? It is not fair to assume that the widespread resentment against National Prohibition is due to a desire for unlimited license to be intemperate. There is no community in the United States which desires that. The resentment is due to the feeling that an unreasonable control is being imposed. Necessity for preventing the evils of liquor is recognized in all the States. I have received letters in the past two weeks from all over this State, some from personal friends, some from strangers. Some of these letters are threatening, some of them are prayerful, but all of them seem to me to be written by sincere men and women, devoted to their country, who see that something is vitally wrong. They differ widely as to what should be done, but they recognize that the

present situation is deplorable. There is an almost pathetic demand for a remedy.

There are many problems in human living that are not susceptible of a final solution. The attitude of the community toward the traffic in liquor is such a problem. The way to understand our present position, which is causing so much bitterness, is first to understand just what we did ten years ago. The thing that happened ten years ago when we put the 18th Amendment into the Federal Constitution cannot be looked upon fairly as any exercise of a new power of government. The new thing that happened ten years ago was the assumption by the Federal Government of the vast power over the liquor business which had theretofore resided in the individual States. I am aware that the second section of the 18th Amendment gives the Congress and the Several States "concurrent power" to enforce the Amendment. I am aware that the States can, if they desire, enforce, within their own jurisdictions, the prohibition which the Federal Constitution now prescribes as the policy for the whole United States. The fact remains, however, that the first section of the 18th Amendment is operative in every hamlet in the land. It limits the power of all State legislative bodies and all State officials. It invalidates every legislative act which authorizes or sanctions what the section prohibits. This means that policy with reference to dealing with the liquor question can no longer be determined by the local communities. It has

been definitely determined by the Federal Constitution.

It has thus come to pass that States, or sub-divisions of States, whose sympathy is not with the law feel themselves relieved of responsibility for enforcement. They leave to an over-burdened Federal Government, with a wholly inadequate police force, the task of carrying out a great social reform which before 1920 all the communities of the land in one way or another were wrestling with.

I bring to you no panacea for this deplorable condition. I know of no magical solution. I cannot, however, stand before my friends and neighbors and ask for their suffrage without having them know my attitude toward the problem.

First: I believe that the way out of the present difficulty is to recognize clearly the fundamental difference between the nature of the Federal Government and the State Government. I believe this involves a repeal of the 18th Amendment and the substitution therefor of an Amendment which will restore to the States the power to determine their policy toward the liquor traffic, and vest in the Federal Government full power to give all possible coöperative protection and assistance to those States that desire prohibition against invasion from the States that do not. If I should be elected to the United States Senate I should be prepared to vote for a resolution submitting to the several States an amendment to the Constitution in any form that

would accomplish the foregoing purpose. I do not believe that the fundamental difficulty can be reached by an amendment of the Volstead Act.

Second: The United States Senate as one of the two branches of the national legislature has a part in determining the appropriations for Federal law enforcement. So long as the 18th Amendment and the statutes thereunder are the law of the land, I favor generous appropriations for their enforcement. I favor the use of such appropriations in the first place, for that portion of enforcement which is preëminently the duty of the Federal Government. This means that the Federal Government would first direct its efforts to keeping liquor from coming into the country and to keeping liquor from passing into interstate commerce. While there is no doubt of the power of the Federal Government under the 18th Amendment to perform local police duty in the suppression of the liquor traffic, it should be remembered that it has a vast task in the purely Federal field. Until it performs that task it might well leave all local police duty with the States who have concurrent power with the Federal Government in the local field. Such a method of enforcement would distribute responsibility where it belongs.

In the foregoing discussion I have tried to avoid the words "wet" and "dry." It does not help much in a solution of a problem to label men. Nor is it clear

whether the labels are intended to describe personal habits or political views. If they are intended to describe political views they lack definiteness. Men labeled "wet" may be as much opposed to the saloon as men labeled "dry." The saloon must not come back. The people of New Jersey are capable of adopting measures to accomplish their will in preventing the return of the saloon. The people of the other States in the Union are also capable of adopting such measures to accomplish the same end as they may desire. The people of the United States are rid of the saloon—and well rid of it. But in the process of ridding themselves of the old saloon, with all of its evils, there has grown up a new lawless, unregulated liquor traffic. One group blames on the law the shocking condition that exists, and another group blames it on disobedience to the law. It is not in such a spirit that a solution will be found. The solution will be found when we realize that the issue before us is a governmental problem. How can the control of the liquor traffic be divided between Federal and State Governments in a way that will recognize the habits and sentiments and moral principles of the people in the different parts of the country? I see no way of settling that question satisfactorily without a further change in the Constitution.

We hear on all sides that it is impossible to amend the Federal Constitution. It is difficult but not impossible. Four times within the past twenty years the Constitution has been amended. It can be amended

again. Those who state the contrary must lack faith in the reasonableness of their proposals, or else they must believe that those who do not agree with them are wholly unreasonable. My faith in democracy does not permit me to accept any such pessimistic conclusion. If those who propose a further change in the Constitution might only believe more in the reasonableness of other men it might well call forth some belief in the reasonableness of their own proposals. If those who feel that the present condition is wrong would throw their influence toward advocating change by constitutional methods we might begin to see a way out of our difficulties.

I look forward to the time when the old leaders in the temperance movement, the churches and the schools and the social workers, will appreciate that they have not reached a final solution of a world-old problem by the present 18th Amendment. I look forward to the time when the moral teachers of the country will realize that in this world-old battle for a great social reform there was wisdom in the system of experimenting in forty-eight laboratories rather than in one.

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